

GIRL EXPLORER SEEKS MINES OF KING SOLOMON

Miss Caton-Thompson Starts
on a Romantic Expedition
to Southern Rhodesia

TWO OTHER GIRLS TO HELP

Zimbabwe Ruins, Large Circular
Walls to Be Excavated

By Universal Service

London, Jan. 19.—A woman explorer may move the title of the woman which carried the gold for King Solomon and the Crown of Sheba.

Miss Gertrude Caton-Thompson, the explorer and archaeologist, who started on a romantic expedition to Southern Rhodesia.

Her intention here was to search in a little from the British Museum. They were to excavate an examination of the ruins of Zimbabwe, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon.

Two other girls are going out to assist Miss Caton-Thompson. They are Miss Helen, a professional musician, and Miss, known as the British Museum.

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

The theme of their future work is the discovery of the mines of King Solomon, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Large circular walls, which were said to be the ruins of the lost city of Solomon, are to be excavated.

Hub Sculptor Wins Fresh Honors Other Cities Seek Skoog's Work

Boston Society of Sculptors
Holding Exhibition With 34
Pieces Being Shown

SEVERAL fresh honors have come to Karl F. Skoog, Boston sculptor, since recent exhibitions of his work shown in the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.

One of them is the imaginative group called "Fruit of Vision," a memorial to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. This piece was honored by a special invitation from the Penn. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. It is to be shown in its 12th annual exhibition.

The Lindbergh memorial Mr. Skoog has sent another work, "Fruit of Vision," to the Boston City Club and Twentieth Century Club.

Two of three of the statues seen first in Boston, have attracted such wide attention in the world of art that he has been invited to show them in other cities.



"ARTHUR" portrait bust of Cyrus Dallin at Boston Art Society of Sculptors.

DR. BROOKS EIGHT YEARS IN CHURCH

Two Special Services to Be
Held by Dudley Street
Congregation Today

Baby Heads by Dallin

One of Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

Miss Thompson's work is a sculpture called "Axiom," a woman seated with arms and legs spread.

"Red Tag" JANUARY 20 CLEARANCE

Summerfield's whirlwind
January "Red Tag" Clearance is giving
value-knowing New Englanders saving opportunities
never before paralleled! Price cutting in every department! These
special features will shatter all previous records of this great January Sale! Take
advantage of them by being here early Monday morning! A small deposit delivers any purchase
—pay the balance as convenient! Act very quickly—ahead of others!

A Manufacturer of Radio Cabinets found
himself "Loaded Up" with a Big Stock—
and needed Cash in a hurry—that's why
we're able to offer This Unusual
ATWATER KENT RADIO VALUE!

ONLY
\$5
DOWN

MON. AND TUES. ONLY
Moire Top
Card Table

Red enameled legs.
Well braced and strong.
Usually
\$2.50
Now \$89c

Pineapple Top 4-Poster Bed
usually \$14.95
Now \$14.95

45-inch Buffet Mirror
usually \$12.95
Now \$12.95

Governor
Wainwright
Desk
usually \$39
Now \$39

"ST. MORITZ" OPENING
FURNITURE—NO SNOW

8-Piece
Dining Room
Suite Bargains!

Beautiful Walnut Finish
On Gunwood
5 Pieces, usually \$119
Now \$69

9 Pieces with China Cabinet, \$89
Usually \$150

—SOMERVILLE—
212 Elm St., at Davis Sq.

Open Monday and Thursday Even-
ings 7:30 to 10:30. Open Saturday Even-
ings 7:30 to 10:30.

—BOSTON—
727-737 Washington St.,
Main Store

Open Saturday Even. Till 9

SHOP AT EITHER STORE—

Summerfield's

Boston and Somerville

EASY TERMS

BUY NOW!

LOWEST PRICES IN YEARS

Summerfield's whirlwind
January "Red Tag" Clearance is giving
value-knowing New Englanders saving opportunities
never before paralleled! Price cutting in every department! These
special features will shatter all previous records of this great January Sale! Take
advantage of them by being here early Monday morning! A small deposit delivers any purchase
—pay the balance as convenient! Act very quickly—ahead of others!

A Manufacturer of Radio Cabinets found
himself "Loaded Up" with a Big Stock—
and needed Cash in a hurry—that's why
we're able to offer This Unusual
ATWATER KENT RADIO VALUE!

ONLY
\$5
DOWN

MON. AND TUES. ONLY
Moire Top
Card Table

Red enameled legs.
Well braced and strong.
Usually
\$2.50
Now \$89c

Pineapple Top 4-Poster Bed
usually \$14.95
Now \$14.95

45-inch Buffet Mirror
usually \$12.95
Now \$12.95

Governor
Wainwright
Desk
usually \$39
Now \$39

"ST. MORITZ" OPENING
FURNITURE—NO SNOW

8-Piece
Dining Room
Suite Bargains!

Beautiful Walnut Finish
On Gunwood
5 Pieces, usually \$119
Now \$69

9 Pieces with China Cabinet, \$89
Usually \$150

—SOMERVILLE—
212 Elm St., at Davis Sq.

Open Monday and Thursday Even-
ings 7:30 to 10:30. Open Saturday Even-
ings 7:30 to 10:30.

—BOSTON—
727-737 Washington St.,
Main Store

Open Saturday Even. Till 9

SHOP AT EITHER STORE—

Summerfield's

Boston and Somerville

EASY TERMS

BUY NOW!

LOWEST PRICES IN YEARS

Summerfield's whirlwind
January "Red Tag" Clearance is giving
value-knowing New Englanders saving opportunities
never before paralleled! Price cutting in every department! These
special features will shatter all previous records of this great January Sale! Take
advantage of them by being here early Monday morning! A small deposit delivers any purchase
—pay the balance as convenient! Act very quickly—ahead of others!

A Manufacturer of Radio Cabinets found
himself "Loaded Up" with a Big Stock—
and needed Cash in a hurry—that's why
we're able to offer This Unusual
ATWATER KENT RADIO VALUE!

ONLY
\$5
DOWN

MON. AND TUES. ONLY
Moire Top
Card Table

Red enameled legs.
Well braced and strong.
Usually
\$2.50
Now \$89c

Pineapple Top 4-Poster Bed
usually \$14.95
Now \$14.95

45-inch Buffet Mirror
usually \$12.95
Now \$12.95

Governor
Wainwright
Desk
usually \$39
Now \$39

"ST. MORITZ" OPENING
FURNITURE—NO SNOW

8-Piece
Dining Room
Suite Bargains!

Beautiful Walnut Finish
On Gunwood
5 Pieces, usually \$119
Now \$69

9 Pieces with China Cabinet, \$89
Usually \$150

—SOMERVILLE—
212 Elm St., at Davis Sq.

Open Monday and Thursday Even-
ings 7:30 to 10:30. Open Saturday Even-
ings 7:30 to 10:30.

—BOSTON—
727-737 Washington St.,
Main Store

Open Saturday Even. Till 9

SHOP AT EITHER STORE—

Have You Ever Been Able
to Buy As Much For \$48?

A Bedroom Suite well made
Bed, Chest and your choice
of Vanity (mirror 18x24
inches or larger)
usually \$124.95
Now \$48

3-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$25.
Now \$13.75

4-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$35.
Now \$17.50

5-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$45.
Now \$22.50

6-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$55.
Now \$27.50

7-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$65.
Now \$32.50

8-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$75.
Now \$37.50

9-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$85.
Now \$42.50

10-Piece
Bed
Outfit!
Bed, Spring
and Mattress.
Usually \$95.
Now \$47.50

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

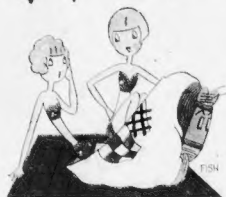
Magazine Section of the

Boston Advertiser

Sunday

Jan. 20, 1929

Petty-June at College The Diary of an American Co-ed By the Brilliant Satirist- *Fish*



2

FISH

• **THAT** clumsy Amazon, Laura Salverton, fell against Spark Plug, and positively we couldn't keep the hind legs with his front feet any longer. "Tommy" and I had to finish the evening as tight-rope walkers, because, owing to the heat when we were doing Spark Plug, that is all the costume we wore.

1
Oh, Diary, what a lark! The "frosh" girls had the darlings masquerade last night, and "Tommy," my roommate, and I went as Spark Plug, and Gwen as Barney Google. It was a jam, and no men and what not, but exciting all the same.



3

TWO statuesque-y peroxide blondes attracted a lot of attention, but they had funny husky voices, and someone whispered that they were two Dartford boys who had sneaked in disguised.

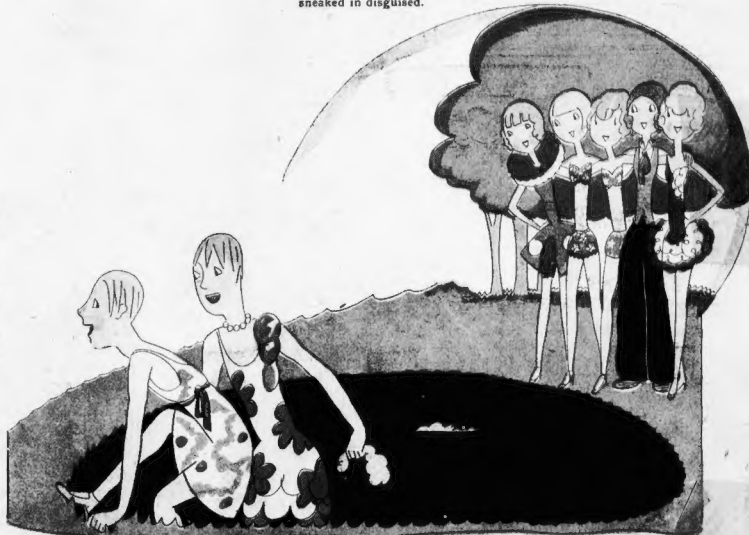
FISH



4

FISH

WE gathered round them and bumped them accidentally, and found out that their shapes were padded, if you know what I mean, and finally we decided to teach them a lesson, and five or six of us grabbed hold of each one and carried them out and dumped them into "Frosh Pond."



5

FISH

THEY may not have been from Dartford, but as they crawled out of the pond they left their wigs and what not floating on the surface. And so—back to the party, and much later to bed.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1929,
by
American Weekly,
Inc.

Wrecked the Saloon Like Carrie Nation, and Became Kansas City's Heroine

A GENERATION ago the State of Kansas produced the militant figure of a woman named Carrie Nation, who earned fame in her anti-liquor crusades by going about from saloon to saloon with a hatchet, and wrecking each place without particular legal war-

rent. Recently a modern prototype of Carrie Nation came to notice in the same State, in the person of Mrs. Maude Wilson, proprietress of a small restaurant in Kansas City. In the manner of Carrie Nation, Mrs. Wilson went after a saloon—a soft drink place it was, on the surface. With her it was not so much a matter of blood, as direct provocation. The establishment, just around the corner from her restaurant, had sold liquor to her sixteen-year-old daughter, Iris. Further, the place had sold liquor to Mrs. Wilson's husband. She charged it had started him on a spree which ended only when he had spent most of Mrs. Wilson's hard earned money.

Being an orderly and law-abiding woman, Mrs. Wilson complained to the police. Nothing happened. She went to the sheriff's office. Nothing happened. She tried the office of the Federal Prohibition Enforcement agent. Still nothing happened. Then, and only then, Mrs. Wilson insists, she decided to take the law into her own hands. She went next door to the hardware store and bought an axe. She went directly to the soft drink place, drove the proprietor into the street, and earnestly, systematically, wrecked the store. She chipped up the bar and smashed the glasses on and behind it. She shattered the plate glass windows in front of the place. She beat chairs into kindling, and virtually destroyed everything in the place, including many bottles of liquor.

Mrs. Maude Wilson, of Kansas City, Who Wrecked the Saloon Where Her Husband and Daughter Had Been Supplied With Liquor. Police and Federal Agents, She Said, Ignored Her Appeals, So She Bought an Axe and Initiated Carrie Nation.

call but a wave of the axe by Mrs. Wilson caused him to back away and join a crowd of spectators. Other policemen answered a riot call and joined merely in helping the crowd

watch as Mrs. Wilson smashed away. Then Mrs. Wilson marched away to her coffee shop. She announced that no one had better try to reopen the smashed shop, and rolled up her sleeves to continue her cooking tasks. But she was not permitted to remain in her kitchen. The South Central Improvement Association, composed of business men of Mrs. Wilson's neighborhood, called a special meeting and presented her, as guest of honor, with a large bouquet of roses.

Mrs. Fannie L. Taylor, president of the W. C. T. U., announced that her organization was with Mrs. Wilson in principle and would furnish axes free to any other Kansas City women who desired to smash similar places. A Federal prohibition enforcement

director has agreed to Kansas City from his St. Louis headquarters to shake up his department. Politicians began announcing they would clean up such places if elected to office and Mrs. Wilson became the heroine of Kansas City. The police, however, failed to make any arrests in connection with an effort of some persons, apparently in sympathy with the "soft" drink place, to wreck vengeance on Mrs. Wilson. That vengeance was sought by throwing brick bats through the front windows of Mrs. Wilson's restaurant.

This second bit of wrecking again stirred Kansas City, and ministers preached anti-bounce sermons, club women adopted resolutions and law enforcement officials rushed into print with promises of better and drier times for Kansas City. In the meantime Mrs. Wilson, turning down vaudeville offers and urgent requests that she again follow in the

footsteps of Carrie Nation by taking to the lecture platform, goes quietly about her work of operating her small restaurant and taking care of her husband, who has not fully recovered from illnesses that followed spells of drinking. The husband, Mrs. Wilson reports, has promised to ride the water wagon henceforth. The daughter, Mrs. Wilson insists, will be watched and guided away from friends who offer her liquor. A large "For Rent" sign hangs in the rebuilt front of the room, formerly occupied by the saloon.



The Saloon After Mrs. Wilson Had Stopped Wielding the Axe. The Shattered, the Stock Ruined and the Bar Broken to Pieces.



William Wilson, the Husband, Whose Spree Brought the Action Which Cleaned Up the Speakeasy.

Mrs. Iris Wilson, the Nineteen-Year-Old Daughter of the New Carrie Nation, Who Testified That She Bought and Drank Liquor in the Supposed Soft-Drink Place.

How Paris Plans to Solve Parking Problem

LIKE the pyramids of Cheops of Egypt is the apartment house recently designed by the French architect, Henri Sauvage, as part of a plan to solve the parking and housing problem of Paris.

Since the war the housing problem in Paris has become a great aggravation to the authorities, matched only by the traffic and parking problems. The design of M. Sauvage calls for a apartment house of vast proportions, able to shelter 10,000 people. It will contain garages for 4,000 cars.

The apartment house of the near future, M. Sauvage says, will be, in effect, a separate city. Only in this way will the mounting problems of housing and traffic be solved. It would be conceivable, in one of these vast buildings, for a person to be born, to live and die without ever leaving the building.

One hundred such buildings would accommodate, comfortably and even luxuriously, a million people. Five hundred such structures would take care of the entire population of Paris, and leave room for a great many tourists. The concentration of construction along these lines would greatly conserve space, systematic traffic, and generally provide means for order and regulation of urban life.

The act-like construction of the contemplated new apartment building, as will be seen from M. Sauvage's design, printed on this page, provides for plenty of sunlight for every part of the great building. The concentration of space would also result in keeping rents from advancing too much.



Design by the French Architect, Henri Sauvage, of an Apartment House That Will Shelter Ten Thousand People and Will Have Garages for 4,000 Cars. The Building Will Also Contain Restaurants, Swimming Pools and Tennis Courts.

Stone Age Men Found in Africa

IN the great unexplored jungle wastes north of Capetown, Africa, lives a race of bushmen who exist under conditions exactly like those of the Stone Age. The tribe was discovered by Dr. C. E. Cadle, of the Cameron-Cadle expedition of the National Museum of Natural History of Denver.

In this unpenetrated region where the lion is king, the natives, according to Dr. Cadle, live hand in hand with animals, walk like gorillas, run faster than gazelles, and, from all external appearances, might very well be the missing link between man and the ape.

The people are pigmies. They had no implements or weapons of iron or steel. Their arrows were tipped with bone or ivory, and they used knives of bone. They seemed to have no social organization whatsoever, living in communities of two or three families and subsisting almost altogether through the hunt. No one has any particular authority. Each man is a law unto himself. The people are completely nomadic in their way of life. They contend with vultures the remains of game killed by lions, and bury their own sick before they die.

They take as many wives as they can support by hunting. "They are as primitive as their ancestors of a million years ago," declares Dr. Cadle. "We believe this race will be one of the important links in the proof of man's evolution from animals. Within twenty years, science will have indisputable evidence to support this evolutionary theory."

U.S. Scientists Using Glass-Covered Farms to Raise Healthy Terrapins

A NEW method of propagating the much-esteemed terrapin, by which the young are reared to the yearling stage under glass, greatly helps to solve a problem that has engaged the attention of the Government Fisheries Bureau for a number of years.

It is simple and inexpensive, inasmuch as the kind of building required

for the purpose is a greenhouse of the plainest pattern, a stove furnishing heat in cold weather.

When, in nature, the baby terrapin is hatched and crawls out of the sand wherein the egg was laid by its mother, it is a cunning little creature a bit over an inch long. The time being already mid-August, it is unprepared to face the oncoming season of cold, and so buries itself soon after-

wards in the mud of the swamp bottom, to spend the Winter. Or it may even prefer not to emerge from the maternal nest until the following Spring. In the meantime its sole dependence for food is a mass of egg-yolk in its stomach which barely suffices to

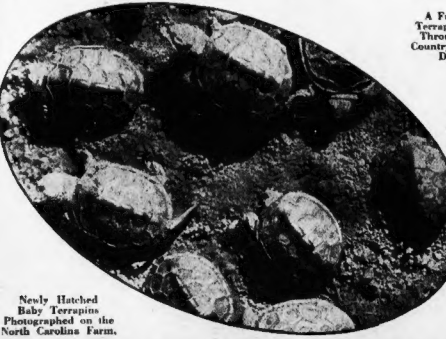
support life. Consequently, during this period, it does not gain size at all, and in the Spring it is lighter in weight and weaker than when it was hatched. But experiments have proved that if the newly hatched young be immediately transferred to the greenhouse, placed

in tanks containing water, and kept comfortably warm in cold weather, they will feed regularly and grow. The mortality among them is much less when the young are taken to the farm, and in growth they gain a whole year over the babies that are allowed to hibernate in the ordinary way.

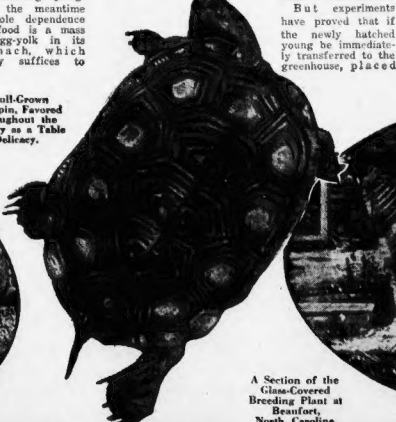
At the principal terrapin hatchery, Beaufort, North Carolina, the sand nestings are carefully grubbed over in mid-September, to find and remove any little terrapin that may remain in them. This is done with bare

hands, lest the animals be injured. An incidental object of their removal is to insure their safety from rats, which might invade the beds during the Winter.

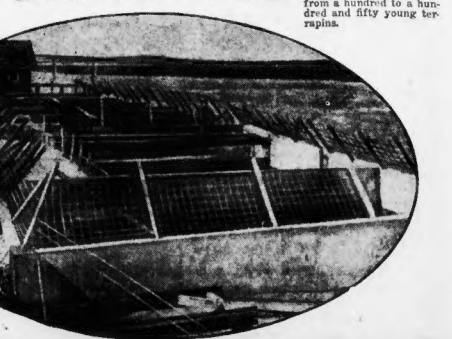
The wooden tanks provided for the infant turtles are divided into compartments two feet long, twenty inches wide, and eight inches deep. They are arranged in rows, and tilted so that each compartment has half its bottom covered with water and the other half dry. Each compartment accommodates from a hundred to a hundred and fifty young terrapins.



A Full-Grown Terrapin, Favored Throughout the Country as a Table Delicacy.



A Section of the Glass-Covered Breeding Plant at Beaufort, North Carolina.



Newly Hatched Baby Terrapins Photographed on the North Carolina Farm.

Surgeon Carved Off Mollie O'Day's Fat—But It Came Back

Warned That Her Plumpness Would End Her Movie Contract, and Finding That a Starvation Diet Accomplished Nothing, the Film Star Had Her Figure Reduced on the Operating Table—A Futile Undertaking for the Reasons Explained Below



Mollie O'Day, in the Drummer Costume She Wore in Her First Success, and Which She Has Never Been Able to Get Into Since.



Mollie O'Day, in Bed Recovering from the Dangerous and Futile Operation of Having 10 Pounds of Undesirable Plumpness Removed from Her Figure.

MOLLIE O'DAY, pretty little screen actress, is the saddest person in Hollywood. Just as she had reached stardom it was snatched away from her through no fault of her own—a mean trick of Nature.

Nature gave the girl beauty, intelligence, personality, ambition and rugged health, all the things necessary to reach the very top. But one more gift had been thrown in and lay hidden and unsuspected until the child blossomed into full womanhood. This was something that for a thousand generations man in the past has thought especially attractive and has cultivated and encouraged in the fair sex, but that just now is fatal—fat.

Because so many of Mollie's ancestors managed to delight the eye of her ancestors Mollie's plight is hopeless until Science can discover some radically new method of reducing the female form divine.

Miss O'Day, being blessed with a constitution of iron, has tried every approved fat-removing process and been able to carry them to greater extremes than most girls could and live. When the various diets and exercises accomplished nothing but to keep her hungry and uneasy, she turned to sheer starvation until the doctors warned her that she was right on the edge of the grave. A few more days of it might cause death, and, worst of all, she would die fat. Starvation had taken dangerous toll of her vital organs, but those layers of fat around her hips and stomach remained, like her bones, untouched.

As a last resort Mollie appealed to the surgeon's knife and on the operating table they actually did strip the young woman's frame down to the required weight and proportions to get her job back. But by the time she had recovered strength enough to go to the studio and prove it back had come the fatal fat again and in exactly the same places.

It was then that the last and most optimistic of the beauty doctors gave up in despair and told their long-suffering patient that nothing could be done for her. Miss O'Day rebelled at this sentence. She knew that these same experts had taken other actresses in charge, older and fatter than herself, and reduced them to lines satisfactory to the film companies. She was younger and stronger than most of them and willing to do anything, even to take the "tapeworm cure." Surely they ought to be able to do as much for her.

But the doctors explained that this

case was different. Fat that comes from eating too much or eating the wrong things, from laziness and many causes, can be dealt with. Here's, however, was of the kind classified as hereditary. It was born in her, a tendency controlled by those little automatons of the body known as the endocrine glands. Some day, no doubt, Science would find a way to curb those tiny tyrants. The great discovery might come tomorrow or in ten years or a hundred. Meanwhile she and the other hereditary fat victims would have to wait with the proverbial good nature that goes with the affliction.

Abandoned by Science, poor Mollie tried to make one slightly unscientific experiment of her own, but Fate thwarted her even in that. It came from calling on a friend convalescing from an attack of influenza. The friend had almost died and was reduced to a mere shadow of herself. At the doctor's orders, she was taking an egg, a glass of milk or a spoonful of cod liver oil every hour to put back a little flesh on her bones.

Pump. Miss O'Day looked enviously at the tottering skeleton and got an idea. For several weeks she made it her business to play good Samaritan to every "flu" case she could discover within touring distance of Hollywood. She brought baskets of delicacies, insisted on shaking hands with the sick person and violating most of the other rules laid down by the medical fraternity for avoiding contagion.

When the patient was a child, she alarmed the parents by kissing it, explaining that she wasn't afraid of catching the "old bug."

Alas, Mollie proved to be immune to that as well as anything else that removed fat from the human frame. Mollie has learned a lot about fat, all of it had news or anyone information as far as she is concerned. She finds that if she or anyone else eats more proteins, materials used in building solid tissue, than the body needs, the excess is promptly thrown out. But in the case of sugars and fats, used for heat and power, the excess is likely to be stored away by the system, the sugar mostly in the liver and the fats in various places.

In normal persons where more fat is stored than the system uses up in driving its machinery, certain cells store it up for future demands, with varying degrees of willingness. Around the abdomen and thighs are

The First Sign of Growing Plumpness of Mollie O'Day—Not Yet Serious, but Enough to Call Forth a Warning from the Film Management.

large areas of obliging cells willing to clutter themselves up with almost any amount of the greasy nuisance. Those on many other parts of the body will help out a little, even to the fingers and toes.

Some, like those of the ears, refuse to accept an atom of fat under any circumstances. Every animal stores some fat. If it did not, the first time it missed a meal the creature's works would come to a stop, like an automobile that has run out of fuel.

Miss O'Day realizes the reasonableness of this, and would make no complaint at carrying around a few days' or even a week or two of reserves. What she resents is the injustice of Nature letting some girls off with only a few pounds of fat, tucked neatly away where it can't be seen, while other women, like herself, are saddled like a pack horse.

The doctors tried to console her with the information that a girl with only a skimp fat reserve would be likely to burn it all up and die of pneumonia or other serious infection. An athlete, in the "pink" of condition for a prize fight or a marathon is in correspondingly poor condition to fight off infection.

Some systems, like some people, have thrifty, saving habits, and will put away something against a rainy day, no matter how small their income. Other bodies are spendthrifts of fat and can be plump and still remain thin. These usually digest only a small part of the fats and fat-producing substances they eat. In these cases the glands not only do not spur the digestive system to take in fats, but they also fail to urge the body cells to store much. A woman with that fortunate glandular set-up can eat, loaf and remain thin to the envy of all her friends.

Glandular control of fat accumulation can be influenced to a certain extent along at least one line. The parathyroid glands secrete a substance which causes the body to burn up its fuel thoroughly. When fat collects through faulty combustion, like carbon in an engine's cylinder head, the condition can be remedied by administering thyroid extract. Miss O'Day was sorry to learn that her thyroid was faulty and manufacturing all she ought to have of its product. To give

her enough more to affect her weight would wreck her nerves and cause other troubles.

While nerve cells do not store fat, that substance is a vital part of their structure. That is the reason why chloroform and ether, which are such efficient fat-dissolvers, put the nervous system to sleep. It also explains why women who use heroic measures to reduce are subject to nervous breakdowns through fat-starvation of their nerve cells.

The endocrine glands work with and against each other in complicated ways, only a small part of which Science understands. Through a combination effort of many of them, Miss O'Day's perfect digestive system is made to extract the last possible atom of fat from her food and the cells of certain parts of her body are persuaded to store it away. Only a calamity like a prolonged fever will induce her system to tap these savings and

tries to give every creature as much as it needs to survive. For instance, the bear has an extra capacity for storing fat all Summer so he can live on it while he hibernates in the Winter.

Miss O'Day pointed out that she was not a bear and that if she could only keep her weight down would have no trouble in finding three square meals a day through the coldest Winter that ever was. What was the idea—had her ancestors hibernated? No, not that; but for countless ages survival of the fittest, as far as the female of the species was concerned, meant survival of the fattest, until now they average to have a greater tendency toward fat than man has.

The Famous Indian-Club Extrimities of "Peaches" Browning, Which Were Trimmed and Tailored by a Chicago Beauty Surgeon.

The drawings left by the cave men on cavern walls are mostly pictures of animals and the hunt, but a few women were also thought worth painting. According to modern standards, these mothers of the race that was laying the keel of civilization were hideously fat, but the cave man must have thought his model the Venus of the tribe or he would not have selected her.

This preference for fat women is still to be found among savages, from the Eskimos in the Arctic to the African jungles. There was a practical reason for its origin. The cave man lived during the ice age when food and warmth were scarce and uncertain and it was hard to store up food except in the form of fat. The man could not burden his frame with much or it would ruin him as a hunter. But his wife who stayed home and minded the children could carry the family savings account of fat on her body. When there was not food enough to go around, the lean husband and children could help themselves to all there was while mamma went without and drew on her savings for a week or two.

then Nature pays back the loan with interest. The young actresses could understand this, but wanted to know why Nature did not give all girls an equal dose of this necessary nuisance instead of picking on her with such a load that it had forced her from the screen. She was told that Nature, in the long run,

Miss O'Day pointed out that she was not a bear and that if she could only keep her weight down would have no trouble in finding three square meals a day through the coldest Winter that ever was. What was the idea—had her ancestors hibernated? No, not that; but for countless ages survival of the fittest, as far as the female of the species was concerned, meant survival of the fattest, until now they average to have a greater tendency toward fat than man has.

The drawings left by the cave men on cavern walls are mostly pictures of animals and the hunt, but a few women were also thought worth painting. According to modern standards, these mothers of the race that was laying the keel of civilization were hideously fat, but the cave man must have thought his model the Venus of the tribe or he would not have selected her.

This preference for fat women is still to be found among savages, from the Eskimos in the Arctic to the African jungles. There was a practical reason for its origin. The cave man lived during the ice age when food and warmth were scarce and uncertain and it was hard to store up food except in the form of fat. The man could not burden his frame with much or it would ruin him as a hunter. But his wife who stayed home and minded the children could carry the family savings account of fat on her body. When there was not food enough to go around, the lean husband and children could help themselves to all there was while mamma went without and drew on her savings for a week or two.

A fat came to be a sign of success and prosperity. Also her fat made it possible to let her husband wear all the warmest fur while he was around with perhaps even less cloth-

ing than she wears today. Right up to the present time the Turks liked their barons full of ripe, 200-pound "beauties." With a thousand wadling, fat ancestors behind her it is not strange that the unfortunate "Peaches" Browning cannot starve or exercise her famous "Indian-club" limbs down to anything like normal and that when a surgeon's scalpel and electric current cut and melted the fat away, generous Nature insisted on putting it back again.

But, heredity scrambles things all up, otherwise all women would look exactly alike. Mollie and "Peaches" are "throw-backs" to some ancestors whose expansive hips and elephant-like legs were the pride and delight of her cave-man husband, who no doubt had to guard his heavyweight "beauty" with a jealous club.

Hereditary fatness of the kind that Science cannot do much with is also seen in men. Japanese wrestlers beside being muscular find a heavy layer of fat a great advantage. It is hard for an adversary to handle an arm as big as a leg and a leg as big as a leg. Besides this, fat protects the nerves from the paralyzing pressure applied in jiu-jitsu. Therefore great wrestlers of Japan have taken pains to marry into families with a tendency not only to muscle but fat, and thus transmit their fatness from generation to generation.

Until recently only two operations for fat-removal were considered feasible. Fatty tumors, called lipomata, were comparatively easy to cut out and were not likely to come back. Also it was possible with greater difficulty and skill to clear the entire abdomen of fat when it was in the form of a sort of apron. Later the hips were pared down and finally the legs.

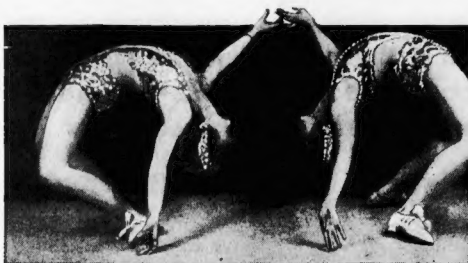
In these last cases the surgeon, in order to dissect away all the fat from the muscles and tendons, would have to first strip skin his patient's, which would not be practical. Instead he makes a few incisions through which he scrapes out some of the largest of the fat accretion and leaves drains in the wounds for a while.

The rest of the fat he literally melts away by means of a recent discovery known as the diathermic current. This invention makes it possible to cause two currents to meet at any desired spot beneath the surface of the body, and the heat to be generated at the meeting place only, instead of on the surface, thus avoiding burning of the skin. By deftly moving the electrodes about, the expert operator can melt the fat below and cause it to run out of the drains.

This method may possibly work in some cases, but not with most women who have carelessly laid on a lot of adipose tissue, and by strict diet can hold the tendency in check, but not get rid of the accumulation of years without dangerously starving the rest of the body, can have it removed surgically so it will stay removed as long as he watches his diet.

But the hereditary, fat type, like Mollie and "Peaches," seems beyond human aid at present.

The Mystery Girl Who Won Fame on the Paris Stage—and Turned Out to Be Twins



The Irwin Sisters, as They Appeared After the Discovery, in One of the French Capital's Famous Revues.

PARIS, Jan. 11. THE Irwin secret is out. Paris, which doesn't mind being fooled if it is amused at the same time, is smiling at the deception which placed a duo of English girls in a position of stardom on the Parisian revue stage.

Irwin was first noticed in one of the Montmartre cabarets. She was lovely, young and danced beautifully, and there was a touch of mystery about her through her name. She was just Irwin. Nobody knew whether that was her first or her last name. It was known about her only that she came from London. She rapidly became the favorite of the patrons of the place.

Apparently her fame spread, for presently she was working in another cabaret not far away. The peculiar phase of the situation was that she continued to work in the first place. But when patrons inquired about this, they were informed that performers worked only four hours in the cabaret, and that some of them were engaged in two places. In one cabaret they would work from eight o'clock until midnight, in another they would work from one o'clock in the morning until dawn about five o'clock. They would then start dancing again.

This was all very well, but it was revealed later that Irwin danced in three cabarets. At eight o'clock of a

certain evening she was seen in her usual place of employment. At ten o'clock of the same evening she was seen in a second place. And at two o'clock the following morning, she was seen in a third place.

A week later she was actually seen dancing at four cabarets within the space of eight hours. This was exceptional, inexplicable. News of the affair got to newspapermen, and they began a determined move to solve the mystery of Irwin, the ubiquitous cabaret girl. They determined to interview her in the cafe where she had got to work. When they went there to talk to her, the proprietress fully informed them that Irwin had left.

All the newspapermen could do was to report the fact. One of them, in his story, asked the readers of the newspaper to help him locate Irwin.



Identical Exercises Like These Keep Both the Twins at the Same Weight. —And Above— The Pretty Irwin Sisters, Dancers, Who Resorted to a Clever Subterfuge to Gain Prominence in Paris. Posing as One Girl, They Mystified Audiences by Their Apparent Ability to Perform in Two Places at the Same Time.

A few days later several letters came to the newspaper in answer to his inquiry.

Some of them said they had seen a girl billed as Irwin playing in the Theatre du Caroulin, one of the minor vaudeville theatres. Others said she was engaged at the variety theatre

known as the Grande. The theatres were practically on opposite sides of the city. It was quite impossible, in one afternoon, for any one newspaperman to interview Irwin at both theatres. So two men were assigned.

Sure enough, Irwin was found at both theatres. It was then that the secret came out. Irwin was twins. They were as alike as any two women could possibly be. During their engagements at the cafes, they had carefully kept their twinning a secret. Each one had accepted two engagements at once, so as to be able to appear in four separate places, ap-

parently, at one time. The deed had worked far better than they had anticipated.

They had come to Paris from London with advance information that Paris was very fond of twins. It was Paris which had taken the Dolly sisters to its heart and made them famous, and it was Paris which had elevated the American Dodge sisters to stardom. They were so careful about their campaign of assuming several identities that they even engaged separate apartments so that nobody could ever see them together.

Shortly after the newspaper had revealed the fact that Irwin was really the Irwins, the two English girls got their first chance in one of the Parisian revues. It was the first time since they had come to Paris that they appeared on the same stage. The audience, however, might just as well have been looking at one of them. They not only looked exactly alike, but they danced as well together that they seemed to be one person.

Another Striking Dance Figure by the Irwin Twins.

Million-Year-Old Stones for the Pope's Rosary

A ROSARY composed of stones a million years old was recently completed and presented to Pope Pius. It was the idea and work of Dr. Francis Nicholas, dean of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, who made the rosary out of staurolites, a mineral consisting of basic aluminum and iron silicate, which has the qualities of crystal and is one of the most ancient of stones. The presentation was made by the Rev. Hugh Duffy, S. J., of the Apostolic College, Newburgh, N. Y.

An odd fact about staurolites is that they invariably come in the form of crosses. Some of the best specimens are mined in Patrick County, Virginia. They are dug out of the hillsides by the mountaineers, who consider that the staurolites are their property, and resent any attempts on the part of strangers to dig them out.

There is a legend of the staurolites which explains why they are more familiarly known as "fairy stones." This legend re-

cites that when the fairies heard that Christ had been crucified they wept bitter tears, which fell to the earth in the form of crosses and were solidified by time and Duffy made the trip especially to hand His Holiness the chaplet.

The presentation took place in the throne room of the Vatican. The Pontiff, says Dr. Duffy, was greatly interested in the history of the gift and deeply grateful for it.

Between 18,000 and 22,000 staurolites were examined by Dr. Nicholas and other experts, and only those stones which matched perfectly in size and symmetry were used for the beads. Staurolites, or fairy stones, are found in differently shaped crosses—but always in cross-form. Each Father Noster on the Pope's new and unique rosary is a Maltese cross. The Ave's are made up of Roman crosses and the crosses are strung together on a gold chain. The stones are dark brown in color and beyond cleaning and polishing are untouched in any way.

So that the rosary of "fairy-stones" recently presented to the Pope by the Rev. Duffy, was entirely appropriate. Dr. Duffy made the trip especially to hand His Holiness the chaplet. The presentation took place in the throne room of the Vatican. The Pontiff, says Dr. Duffy, was greatly interested in the history of the gift and deeply grateful for it.

Between 18,000 and 22,000 staurolites were examined by Dr. Nicholas and other experts, and only those stones which matched perfectly in size and symmetry were used for the beads. Staurolites, or fairy stones, are found in differently shaped crosses—but always in cross-form. Each Father Noster on the Pope's new and unique rosary is a Maltese cross. The Ave's are made up of Roman crosses and the crosses are strung together on a gold chain. The stones are dark brown in color and beyond cleaning and polishing are untouched in any way.



The Rev. Hugh J. Duffy, Holding the Rosary Made of Stones a Million Years Old.

Austria's Perfect Blonde

A SWEDISH newspaper recently printed an editorial in which the claim was made that Sweden in particular, and the Scandinavian countries in general, produced the most perfect blonde women in the world. A newspaper in Vienna, considered this in the nature of a challenge, and promptly initiated a contest to find the most beautiful blonde in Austria. Charming Oily Gabauer, a dancer in the Austrian capital, was acclaimed Austria's perfect blonde. The photograph on this page was sent to the Swedish newspaper with

the following note: "Here is Oily Gabauer, Austria's most beautiful blonde. Where in all Sweden, or, for that matter, in all Europe, can be found her equal?"

The photograph of Fraulein Gabauer was at once reproduced in the Swedish newspaper, which forthwith began a hunt for Sweden's most beautiful blonde. When she is discovered a jury composed of one Swede, one Austrian and a representative of a neutral nation, will determine whether Austria or Sweden has the more beautiful blonde.



The Mass Grave of the Gothland Warriors Who Were Buried Together After the Battle of Wisby, in 1361. More Than Three Hundred Skeletons, Some Still Clad in Armor, Were Found in the Grave.



Miss Oily Gabauer, Who Has Been Selected as Austria's Perfect Blonde.

The Mass Grave of Gothland Warriors

ARCHAEOLOGISTS recently excavating on the island of Gothland, off Sweden, revealed this mass grave, into which the Gothland warriors were thrown after their defeat by King Waldemar Atterdag, of Denmark, near the town of Wisby, the single city of Gothland, in 1361.

The Gothlanders of the period had a high degree of civilization, but the long reign resulted in the re-establishment of Denmark as the great Baltic power. Through his reign, Waldemar labored to acquire as much land as possible, and this was the principal reason for his campaign in Gothland.

The island lies in the Baltic Sea, a level plateau about seventy miles long by thirty wide. Excepting along the coast the island has no great scenic attraction, but it has always held the highest archaeological interest. Nearly every village on the island has its ruined church.

The shrunken walled town of Wisby was one of the richest commercial centers of the Baltic from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, and its prosperity was shared by the whole island.

Gothland was subject to Sweden before 800, and in 1030 was Christianized by St. Olaf, King of Norway. He dedicated the first church in the island to St. Peter at Wisby. By the middle of the fourteenth century the reputation of the wealth of the city was so great that, according to an old ballad, "the Gothlanders weighed out gold with stone weights, and played with the choicest jewels." It was wealth of this sort which attracted the predatory attention of neighboring countries. The failed wealth was too strong a temptation for Waldemar. He invaded the island, routed the defenders of Wisby under the center wall, and plundered the city. From this blow Gothland never recovered, its decay being, however, materially helped by the fact that for the greater part of the next two centuries it was the stronghold of successive bands of pirates and sea-rovers. All this digging on the island today is not archaeologically inspired. There are stories of treasure buried by pirates along the coast, which periodically brings parties who dig for gold rather than for history.

Science Confirms Mark Twain's "Ant Libel"

WHEN Mark Twain was young, the busy ant was held up to all boys as a model. This annoyed the future great humorist and apparently caused him to dislike the insect to which, in his lazy moments, he had been compared unfavorably.

So when he grew up and became a world-famous author, he took time to study the ant and see if he could "get something out of it." He was successful, publishing a little essay, ruining the ant's reputation and which shocked many well-meaning people of the time and caused them to call it: "Mark Twain's libel of the ant."

But it was no libel—it was true and accurate, scientific observation of a much overrated insect. This Prof. William E. Ritter of the University of California states, in collaboration with Edna Watson Bailey, in his recent book, "The Natural History of Our Conduct," published by Harcourt Brace & Co.

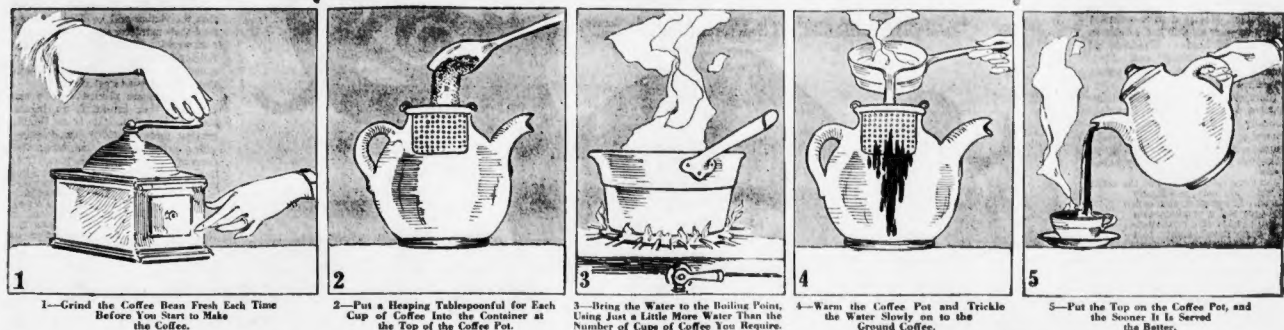
Mark Twain said, in part: "During many summers, now, I have watched him when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. . . . I admit his industry of course; he is the hardest working creature in the world, but his leader-

headedness is the point I make against him."

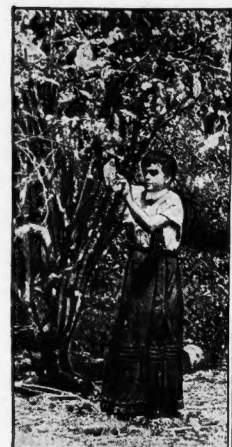
"He goes out foraging, he makes capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No—he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away—not matter, he can't find it. He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkward piece to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily into the air by main force and starts; not toward home, but in the opposite direction, not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength."

"My own notes on the work of the black harvester ant (Messor andrei) of Southern California add some quantitative definiteness to Twain's story," writes Professor Ritter. "The loads being carried by thirty-nine individuals of this species headed for home on the same path were examined in the early morning of July 12, 1920. Of these loads at least one-half were useless. They contained no food, so far as I could see; and as this species harvests for no other purpose, all the effort bestowed upon these good-for-nothing items was lost motion."

\$33.00 Spent to Produce a "Perfect Cup of Coffee"



Scientists of the Famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology Devote Three Years to Study and Experiments and Now Announce Two Recipes—And Several Warnings



A Costa Rican Woman Picking the Coffee Berries on a Coffee Plantation.

THE scientists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology stand at the head of authoritative scientific research and it is to the patient experiments of the workers in the famous institution that the world is now indebted for a scientific cup of coffee. Professor Samuel C. Prescott, the distinguished head of the Department of Biology and Public Health at M. I. T., has given three years of experiment and research and has expended \$30,000 to enlighten mankind and cheer the breakfast table.

There is nothing in the scientific formula for the perfect cup of coffee which costs any more money or takes much if any more time than the present almost universally "pretty good" or utterly wretched breakfast coffee. The interesting results of Professor Prescott's three years of research work are quite more remarkable in telling the cook what not to do than in the rather simple prescription of just what to do.

When the head of the house opens his bedroom door and steps into the hall on his way to the breakfast room and exclaims, "Ah! I smell a good, rich and abundant aroma of coffee," he is on his way to an inferior cup of coffee. That fine aroma which filled the hallway and the dining-room had no business there. All that alluring aroma had been robbed from his cup of coffee. It should not have been allowed to escape.

During three years of experiments, great attention was directed not only to the coffee but also to water, heat and all varieties of coffee pots. And thus Professor Prescott is able to warn the public that metal coffee pots in such common use throughout the kitchens of the world can never produce a perfect cup of coffee.

While coffee is universally used as a breakfast beverage it is a curious fact that a really good cup of coffee is probably harder to obtain either at home or in a restaurant than any other item of any meal. Everybody drinks a cup of coffee and even the moderate drinker consumes about 500 cups a year, or approximately 200 quarts. But apparently everybody has been drinking the wrong cup of coffee—a cup of coffee not made scientifically and therefore lacking much of the value, flavor and aroma which it is possible to extract from the coffee bean. Nature put all the delightful ingredients into the coffee bean, but man's mistaken methods fail to extract the full value.

Much of the blame for a bad cup of coffee is usually attributed to "poor coffee," and cooks and housewives are constantly changing from one brand



Drying the Coffee on Level Earth Floors.

of coffee to another. But Professor Prescott has discovered that almost any grade of coffee bean, if treated correctly, can be made into a "good" cup of coffee. And yet with even the highest grades of selected coffee nine cooks out of ten probably succeed with no difficulty whatsoever in usually producing an agreeable and more or less disagreeable drink for the breakfast table.

"It's easy to tell, as you come down to breakfast," says Professor Prescott, "whether or not the coffee is being made in the right way. 'If the house is filled with a delicious, appetizing odor, the person preparing it is making bad coffee, because those odors should not be allowed to escape from the brew and container and diminish the richness of the beverage.'"

Also—and this discovery undoubtedly will be hailed with joy by thousands of such unfortunate—volunteers from those of those who love coffee but who for long have believed themselves unable to indulge themselves because coffee has not agreed with their system, proved in scientific tests sponsored by Professor Prescott that fresh coffee, prepared properly, leaves no ill effects on such type of person—or, in fact, any type of human.

This discovery has apparently opened a way once more to past sufferers and coffee-abstainers for a new-born enjoyment which had thought lost forever. Professor Prescott suspects that after making coffee in a metal container, there is a certain corrosion remaining inside the pot which goes into the next brew, producing a form of "metal-coffee poisoning." But just why it is true, if it is true, and the extent of the harm of coffee have no ill effects from Professor Prescott's kind of coffee is not entirely clear, and further experiments will be made to find out.

After the thirty-six months of experimenting at the total cost of \$30,000, Professor Prescott has arrived at these two recipes which, except for the always present "human equation" and the resulting errors of commission or omission, are almost guaranteed to produce the perfect cup of coffee.

No. 1. For each cup of coffee desired use a heaping tablespoonful of freshly ground coffee and place it in a perforated container in the upper part of the pot. In a separate vessel boil water sufficient to make the required number of cups, and allow for the ordinary boiling away and absorption in the ground coffee. When the flame has been shut off and the water has ceased to boil—then will have dropped a couple of degrees under the boiling point—trickle the water slowly through the coffee-carrying perforated container into the pot. Do NOT pour the water rapidly through the coffee.

When the water has all passed through the coffee, the beverage is ready to be served and is at practically the exact temperature for comfortable drinking, after cream has been added.

Do NOT pass the water through the coffee twice. Measure the strength of the beverage by the quantity of coffee used.

This is the preferred recipe, and for it Professor Prescott used a self-designed earthenware coffee

pot, with perforated glass container. The pot was fashioned on the lines of the tall-necked Egin coffee pot, which, however, was of metal and was named for the inventor.

No. 2. For each cup desired use a heaping tablespoonful of coffee and place in a container similar to a tea ball or bag—the process is almost a duplicate of the tea-brewing process. Pour boiling water into the pot and when sufficient time has elapsed—a few seconds to allow the boiling point of the water to drop a couple of degrees—lower the container into the water, which then will be just below the boiling point, and allow to remain from one to two minutes. Then remove coffee container from water, let drip for a few seconds and the beverage is ready and at about the proper temperature.

In the average grade of coffee a heaping tablespoonful of the crushed bean is sufficient to brew one full cup, but in the poorer grades more coffee must be used for each serving.

For the ordinary coffee percolator Professor Prescott has nothing but scorn. The ordinary percolator, for one thing, is made of metal, and for another, it is necessary that the water be boiling before it is conveyed upward to trickle down through the coffee.

Once back in the main body of water, the now coffee-carrying liquid is re-boiled, passed up and returned through the coffee, this process being repeated probably 100 times in the course of an ordinary brewing by an ordinary cook.

Chief faults of ordinary metal-brewed coffee are that there inevitably is a metallic taste, and the most delicate and valuable aromas and flavors are passed off as a result of the boiling.

Professor Samuel C. Prescott of the Faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

for three years with the members of a "tasting squad," stenographers, members of the Technology faculty, absent-minded professors and several office managers and librarians, to each of the institute offices to pass judgment on brews prepared under the constantly changing recipes.

Each noon the coffee, in two big chemical flasks, and the cups, flanked by pitchers and bowls of cream and sugar, were borne into the room either by Dr. Prescott or by an attendant. In each of the flasks was a different brew of coffee. Each individual of the "tasting squad" was asked to sample and make a report on the drinker's reactions.

A few of the tasters were young, short-skirted stenographers, somewhat overawed, and at wide divergence between themselves and the dignified, more mature secretaries. These daily tastings were part, but only a part, of an elaborate series of experiments to determine how a perfect cup of coffee can be made.



South American Native Girls Picking Over by Hand the Dried Coffee Beans and Carefully Removing Every Miscellaneous Grain and All Particles of Dirt or Foreign Substances.



Professor Samuel C. Prescott of the Faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

A principal conclusion reached, and reached during the early part of the experiments, was that even a brief moment of boiling results in strong, bitter, even an irritable coffee.

When the boiling was continued, woody tastes were detected and the brew lost much of its characteristic flavor and aroma.

"A fairly large percentage," says Professor Prescott, "preferred coffee which had not been brought to the boiling point, but which had been prepared at temperatures considerably below the boiling point—212 degrees above zero on the Fahrenheit thermometer."

"We compared, for example," he said, "coffee made at a temperature of 85 degrees Centigrade (185 degrees Fahrenheit), coffee made at a temperature of 90 to 93 degrees Centigrade, coffee made at a temperature of 90 degrees, but below the boiling point, and coffee which had been boiled at brief intervals, such as a minute and a half."

"The preference, in a large majority of cases, was for coffee made at the lower temperatures, whereas coffee made at the boiling temperature, or which had been actually boiled for some time, was looked upon with comparative disfavor."

Professor Prescott reveals further that coffee brewed in metal vessels was described by his "subjects" as "tasting 'metallic,' 'bitter,' 'disagreeable' or 'puacky.'" On the other hand, coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

None of those who tested and drank of the variously prepared cups of coffee knew what method of preparation had been used. They were requested merely to state their preference and give a reason not only for preferring one sample but for having disdained for another.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

When the boiling was continued, woody tastes were detected and the brew lost much of its characteristic flavor and aroma.

"A fairly large percentage," says Professor Prescott, "preferred coffee which had not been brought to the boiling point, but which had been prepared at temperatures considerably below the boiling point—212 degrees above zero on the Fahrenheit thermometer."

"We compared, for example," he said, "coffee made at a temperature of 85 degrees Centigrade (185 degrees Fahrenheit), coffee made at a temperature of 90 to 93 degrees Centigrade, coffee made at a temperature of 90 degrees, but below the boiling point, and coffee which had been boiled at brief intervals, such as a minute and a half."

"The preference, in a large majority of cases, was for coffee made at the lower temperatures, whereas coffee made at the boiling temperature, or which had been actually boiled for some time, was looked upon with comparative disfavor."

Professor Prescott reveals further that coffee brewed in metal vessels was described by his "subjects" as "tasting 'metallic,' 'bitter,' 'disagreeable' or 'puacky.'" On the other hand, coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

None of those who tested and drank of the variously prepared cups of coffee knew what method of preparation had been used. They were requested merely to state their preference and give a reason not only for preferring one sample but for having disdained for another.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Some of the coffee was boiled. In other instances it was a decidedly different method, the water temperature being indicated, the water temperature being in the experiments every known type of coffee pot was used—enamel, aluminum, earthenware, glass, or the verdicts were all for the coffee brewed in glass utensils was declared to be rich and smooth and decidedly pleasant.

Buried Borneo's Head-Hunting Chief in a Big Wooden Dog

IN Sarawak, North Borneo, recently died a very great chief named Mutaf. He had risen to eminence mainly through his skill and success as a hunter of head. Hundreds of human heads, pickled and dried, adorned the verandah of his bamboo palace in the jungle.

His obsequies were solemn and impressive, with litany chanted by fanatically attired native sorcerers, much drumming on bamboo- and -rawhide drums, and mournful howling by an assembled multitude of nearly naked Dyaks.

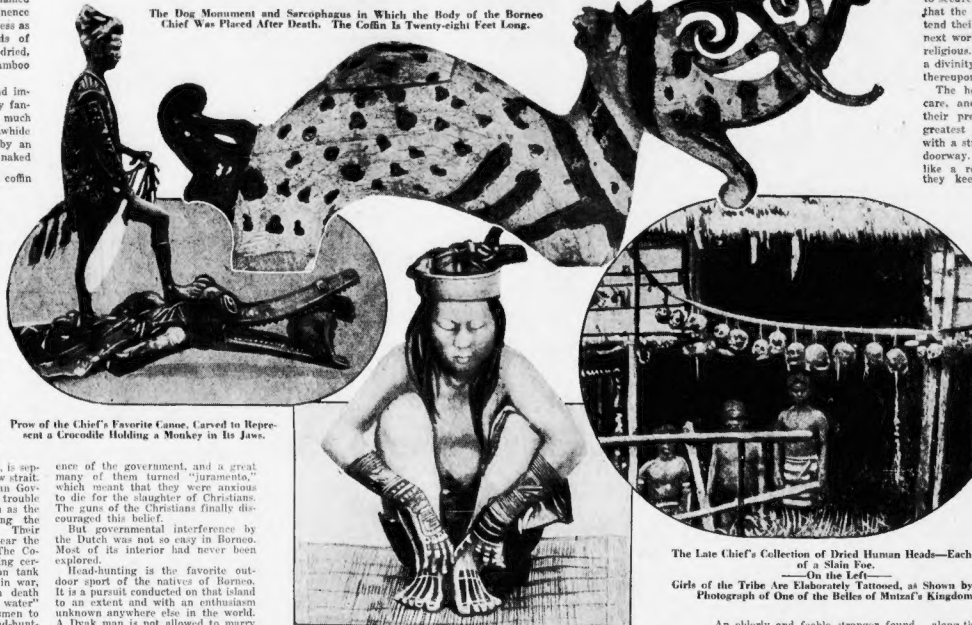
But most remarkable was the coffin in which his body was finally placed. It was at once a sarcophagus and a monument; a gigantic image of a mythological dog, twenty-eight feet long, built entirely of wood, and mounted on a massive wooden platform. Painted with bright colors, its body was yellow, with red spots and stripes.

In the middle of the animal's back was the coffin proper, a rectangular cavity in which the corpse of the lamented chieftain was laid. The dog, when put on, formed the hump at the middle of the back, completing the symmetrical shape of the image.

Borneo is an enormous island, its area twice as great as that of the British Isles. It seems a long way off on the other side of the world. But in truth it is a next-door neighbor of ours, inasmuch as Palawan, one of the Philippines, is separated from it only by a narrow strait. Some years ago the American Government had a great deal of trouble with a set of Filipinos known as the Colorados. They were among the most fanatical of the tribes. Their home was on Bacus Island, near the larger island of Mindanao. The Colorados believed that by drinking certain water in an old irrigation tank they would become invincible in war, and assured of heaven when death came. Incidentally, the "magic water" encouraged the Colorados to go in for cannibalism and head-hunting, and there was a good deal of bloodshed before these practices were stopped.

The natives resented the interference

The Dog Monument and Sarcophagus in Which the Body of the Borneo Chief Was Placed After Death. The Coffin Is Twenty-eight Feet Long.



Prize of the Chief's Favorite Canoe, Carved to Represent a Crocodile Holding a Monkey in Its Jaw.

ence of the government, and a great many of them turned "juraments," which meant that they were anxious to die for the slaughter of Christians. The sun of the Christians finally discouraged this belief.

But governmental interference by the Dutch was not so easy in Borneo. Most of its interior had never been explored.

Head-hunting is the favorite outdoor sport of the natives of Borneo. It is a pursuit conducted on that island to an extent and with an enthusiasm unknown anywhere else in the world. A Dyak man is not allowed to marry until he has procured at least one head; and the more heads a warrior possesses, the greater the esteem in which he is held.

It doesn't matter whose heads, so long as they do not belong to the man's own particular tribe. Those of

women and children count for as much as anybody's. Usually they are obtained by stratagem and treachery.

prices are often paid for slaves, merely to secure their heads; for it is believed that the victims will be obliged to attend their murderer as servants in the next world. The Dyaks are devoutly religious. Often a man will promise to a divinity one or more heads, and will thereupon go out to get them.

The heads are pickled with great care, and then sun-dried to insure their preservation. It is a Dyak's greatest pride to adorn his dwelling with a string of them hung across the doorway. They make the place look like a real home; and, incidentally, they keep evil spirits from entering. No good fortune, it is believed, can come to a household that has not a collection of dried heads.

This Asiatic talisman and protector of ours is the home of the great manlike apes called orang-utans, a name meaning "people of the forest." The Dyaks regard them as human. They are swarmed in the rivers. Elephants and rhinoceroses are so numerous as to be a nuisance to rubber and coconut estates, by destroying the young trees. Telegraph lines are out of commission much of the time because elephants rub themselves against the poles and push them down.

In the mountains there are about 20,000 white people in Borneo, and among them traders do a big business in forest and fishery products.

Along the East coast are many immense caves, in which are found the edible birds' nests so coveted by the Chinese for soup. They fetch a high price in Hongkong.

The Late Chief's Collection of Dried Human Heads—Each That of a Slave. On the Left—Girls of the Tribe Are Elaborately Tattooed, as Shown by This Photograph of One of the Belles of Mutaf's Kingdom.

An elderly and feeble stranger found sleeping will yield a valuable head for one chop with a heavy sword-knife. It is required only that heads shall be taken from living persons. High

Using Butter for Sculpture

LONDON, Jan. 12.

A NEW school of sculpture is gaining ground in London, vying for public interest with the futuristic and impressionistic schools. The devotees of the latest order call themselves Butterists. They use butter as a medium for their art.

The inspiration for the use of butter as a medium for sculpture likely received its impetus from a recent exhibit in one of the New York galleries, where a number of pieces of statuary in soap were displayed. Some of the sculpturers were declared excellent art despite the medium employed.

In London a shabby artist went from store to store, concentrating on grocers, and offered, for a slight consideration, to create a work of art out of butter, to adorn the window displays. He got several orders, and shoppers admired his handiwork. He got more orders, and soon his statuettes made of butter were all over London.

However, it was pointed out by

sculptors themselves that butter was an ideal substance on which to work. At the great fair at Wembley the Prince of Wales exhibited marvelous butter models of subjects on his Canadian ranch. This tacit indorsement of the new art of butter sculpture gave it the needed social sanction, and sculptors of repute began, largely for their own amusement, to make butter statuettes.

Recently there was held an exhibition at Olympia. The managers of the show, which was in the nature of an industrial fair, offered a prize of a hundred pounds for the best statuette made of butter. Professional and amateur sculptors in all parts of England participated in the contest. John Harrovo, of Sheffield, was awarded the first prize for his statuette "Prosperity," which became the principal exhibit at the show. Art critics who visited the exposition pronounced "Prosperity" a work of art, despite the fact that it was deemed to melt as soon as the show was over and it was taken from its base of ice.



"Prosperity," a Statuette Made of Butter and Exhibited at the Olympia Exposition in England.

American Pensioner of King

SCATTERED throughout the world are about forty people who still receive pension money as a result of loyal assistance given by their ancestors to Charles II. of England when the monarch was a fugitive in the stormy days of Cromwell's ascendancy.

A resident of Brooklyn, New York, is one of these. He is George W. Pendrell, 74 years old, a descendant of the Pendrells of England who helped Charles hide when the King was fleeing from Cromwell's army in 1651. So grateful was Charles that after the Restoration he granted a charter providing that his benefactors and their descendants should receive forever afterward a bounty in token of a King's thanks.

The gratuity, passing down the generations to the eldest son, yields Pendrell about \$400 annually. He is said to be the only King Charles pensioner in the United States. Dr. Francis E. Walker, of St. John, N. B., descended from Mrs. Elizabeth Pendrell Yates, gets about \$45 annually. Thirty-eight other recipients of the payment are scattered throughout the world, getting from \$10 to \$200 a year.

At the time Charles was concealed in the oak tree by Pendrell whose descendants are still receiving pension, he was accompanied by his aide, Colonel William Carlos. His kinsman Carlos of London is the last direct descendant of Colonel Carlos. Charles II. made a royal grant of \$15,000 a year to the original Carlos, to be paid by the Trinity House to him and his lawful heirs from certain balistage dues on the Thames. These, from the report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1822, appear to have been annulled, as they interfered with the revenue of Trinity House.

When Colonel Carlos died his will was found to contain references to certain annuities of the amount of \$15,000 a year, to be paid to the stayed beneficiaries "as long as the means shall be available out of the monies to be paid by the Trinity House."

Nine Sets of Twins in a San Francisco School—the Teachers' Despair

THE teachers sometimes have quite a time of it determining just who's who among their pupils at the Francis Scott Key School in San Francisco. For there are nine sets of twins at the institution—five sets of boy twins, three sets of girls and one mixed.

Perhaps it is the climate in the sun-drenched district where the school is located. Anyway, teachers at the school declare that their pupils hold the twin-record of the state school department.

Stretched out to end, the twins would reach all the way across the school yard. Almost all the sets of twins look exactly alike, much to the chagrin of their instructors. There are two exceptions, however. Jack Heiser is slightly taller than his sister Evelyn, and he has curly hair, while hers is straight. Stanley is much taller than his brother Neil and has the curly hair of the White family; Neil's hair is lighter and quite straight.

But Chester and Alec Meyer, for instance—they look so much alike that the old two peas in a pod are positively put to shame. The brothers are in the kindergarten and a tiny mole over Chester's eye is the only means of identification.

The twins are exceedingly honorable in not taking undue advantage of the fact that they look so much alike, and might thereby cause a great deal of trouble in the matter of examination and playing hooky. One of the teachers, who has three of the sets of

twins in her class, has solved the problem of identification by having each twin duly tagged with his or her name. The twins could easily shift tags and thus cause confusion, but they don't.

A study of the twins in the Francis Scott Key school reveals the fact that they are extremely clannish. There is no record among the nine sets of a pair of twins splitting to have other

close friendships. They stick together and seem content with each other's company. This is a characteristic which was noted together. There are records of twins who lived entire lives

without separating, and when one died, the other did not survive more than a few days, so close had their bond been.

The record of scholarship among the twins of the Francis Scott Key school is neither unduly high nor low. It is an average record.

Anybody who wants to know anything about twins should go to Mrs. Mabel Davidson, principal of the school. "They're just adorable, all of them," she says, "but it's so hard to determine who's who."

The other twins are Wilbur and Wallace Robbins, Ruth and Gertrude Tomassell, Walter and Ambrose Smith, Chaslin and Lester Swindler, Irene and Lorene Roberts and Bernice and Juanita Rogers. While this is a record for California, it is by no means a national record. The consolidated Grade and High School of Logan, Utah, claims that distinction. With an enrollment of only 275 pupils, there are exactly twelve and a half sets of twins. The mate of the odd twin of the thirteenth pair does not attend school regularly, but works on a nearby farm. For that reason the school claims credit for thirteen pairs of twins. Seven sets of the twins are boys and five are girls.

Then there is the Allen Street School of Lansing, Michigan, with eleven sets of twins. In California, at the Fairview Heights School of Inglewood, there are seven sets. It was the challenge of Mrs. Ella Friend, principal of this school, which revealed the extraordinary number of sets of twins at the other institutions.



The Nine Sets of Twins Who Are Pupils at Francis Scott Key School in San Francisco. Each Pair Is So Much Alike That the Teachers Have Great Difficulty in Telling Them Apart. There Are Five Sets of Boy Twins, Three Sets of Girls, and One Set Is Mixed.

If Bugs and Beasts Were as Big as They Used to Be

Discovery in the Udine Cavern of Living Scorpions, Spiders, Etc., Supposed Extinct Since the Carboniferous Age of Huge Insects Suggests to Science That Other Monsters of Prehistoric Times May Still Survive



The Modern Rhinoceros Beetle Is Only Two and One-Half Inches Long, But His Carboniferous Age Ancestors May Have Been Too Big to Face Without a Rifle.



In Caverns of the Tuscara Deep May Be Far Bigger Crustaceans Than This.

SCIENTISTS, finding the bones and footprints of beasts as big as freight cars and imprints of insects with 28-inch wingspread, have yearned to meet these monsters in the flesh.

Until very recently, however, nobody had any such hope because it was agreed that the last of them died millions of years ago. The other day, in Udine, Italy, a giant grotto more than two miles long was discovered. Professors Strasser of Poland and Potner of Jugoslavia, exploring the black recesses of the cavern, were amazed and delighted to find living insects, water mollusks and other forms of life supposed to have become extinct at the end of the coal age.

Huge spiders and scorpions were found there whose ancestors evidently hid in that cave when the favorable carboniferous age changed to the hostile age of deserts. They scuttled away with strange but swift movements from the electric torches of the explorers, the first light that had penetrated the cavern depths since long before the first man or ape was evolved.

Unfortunately (from the scientist's point of view) no mosquitoes of the size of sea gulls flew at them, but they look forward to that and other equally desirable pleasures as soon as other caves have been explored. Jules Verne, the great imaginative writer who prophesied so accurately the submarine and the heavier-than-air flying machine, also forecast this very thing, the discovery of "living fossils" of all sizes, underground, in his book, "A Journey to the Center of the Earth."

The Italian professors were confronted with a defensive mechanism of some of these strange creatures that was new to science, though doubtless at least 13,000,000 years old. In some of the oldest folk-lore of various races and fairy tales are stories of magic animals which, when captured or wounded, vanished in a puff of smoke. No scientific importance was attached to such hobgoblin tales and yet something very similar was experienced by Prof. Strasser and Prof. Potner. When they attempted to grasp some of the strange forms that interested them so much, they turned into a handful of white powder of the consistency of slaked lime. As these "magic" creatures were water animals the powder did not rise in a cloud like smoke, as it would if a land animal could perform the same "vanishing act."

This trick of committing suicide by resolving himself into his original atoms would prove effective in preserving the species from destruction by other animals which would soon learn that it was a waste of effort trying to eat something that turned to powdered lime in one's mouth. Many modern insects secure immunity by the same exact similar scheme of developing such a nasty flavor that even the hungriest bird leaves them strictly alone.

The only way the explorers could capture any of these lime-dust specialists was to let them swim into a glass jar. Even then the jostling of walking



Scaly Antelopes Are Only About Six Feet Long Today, But If the Insect Age Comes Back the Woods May Be Full of Them This Size.

over the rough floor of the cavern made the ancient captives show their resentment by exploding into powder. The problem was solved by intoxication. Brandy, a drop at a time, was added to the water in the jars until the creatures were in an intoxicated stupor and did not feel the rough handling. Over-sized and ghostly white spiders and scorpions were caught. Both were armed with impressive stings and the scorpions had nippers of a size and strength far beyond those of their degenerate relatives on top of the earth. If a cavern two miles long could exist unsuspected in one of the oldest and most thickly populated countries of Europe, it suggests that many more may be awaiting discovery in other parts of the world. Even the cave man and the cave bear overlooked these commodious lodgings, leaving their present tenants undisturbed since the coal age, thirteen million years ago. The carboniferous age was an ideal one for insects. Most of the world seems to have been a hot, steamy swamp. Impressions left by bodies of cockroaches more than four inches long and of dragon flies, 28 inches from wingtip to wingtip, have been found in coal. But there is good reason for believing that other species were far larger. Their bodies, having no bones, would quickly disintegrate in the hot mud. Into a cold, dry one with the water being absorbed in the ice of the growing polar caps and with deserts, hostile to insect life, spreading over the continents, they might, in time, have perished in bulk even the dinosaurs.

The great saurians and the modern glauks like the elephant and rhinoceros are constructed on a plan that is mechanically not as good as that of insects. Most of the great extinct saurians were weighed down by a ton or two of scaly armor. To support this, and the enormous areas of muscles

necessary to move it and the vital organs, required a skeleton of bones strong and heavy enough for a house. The insect plan neatly cuts this dead weight to a small fraction. His skeleton is all on the outside, where it acts also as armor. It is superior again because of the tubular principle of construction. The early bicycle manufacturers learned that a light hollow tube was many times stronger than the same amount of material in the form of a thin, solid rod.

The Rhinoceros Beetle, two and a half inches long, and one of the largest specimens of insect to be found today, may have had ancestors as big as a pony and if the carboniferous age had not come to an end might have gone on growing till it many times exceeded in size anything that ever walked the earth.

If some of these beetles as big as their ancestors are found in the bowels of the earth, scientists will have a sight to delight their eyes. But if these scientists look or smell like something good to eat to the beetles, there will be need of armor-piercing rifles to penetrate that three-horned armored head.

The Golofa Cactus Beetle, another large armored insect, would be a tough proposition if he resuscitated in what may have been his old-time, nightmare size. This fellow has a small head stuck on top of a tall periscope that would be a difficult target, especially if he was manfully kept in his righting. With the rest of his body hidden, he could scuttle around in the underbrush, reaching out one of his prodigiously long armored arms to deal with the human hunter who came too close. He would probably have to be hunted with bombing planes.

If mankind is ever plagued by an eruption of insects, great or small, the Scaly Antelope, an animal that at present is rarely over six feet long but has been far bigger in the past, will probably be encouraged by man to grow to monstrous proportions again. This



The Frilled Lizard, Small Scion of Creatures That Shook the Earth, Has an "Elizabethan" Ruff, and When Excited Stamps Around on His Hind Legs Like a Man.

creature, if allowed to expand to the size of an elephant, would not be a pleasant thing to meet on a country stroll. He probably would never get the habit of licking up human beings instead of ants with his sticky tongue, but neither does the dangerous rhinoceros. An overgrown antelope would consume so many tons of insects in a year that it would pay not only to forbid killing them but to import them from their homes in tropical parts of Asia and Africa. These antelopes can roll themselves up into a ball, presenting an armored surface to their enemies, and such a tight ball that a man's strength is unable to open it. Its elastic scales serve as a buffer in a fall from a tree, a short cut to the ground which the animal often takes. The under surface of the tail is equipped with pointed scales which are of very material assistance in climbing, serving as climbing hooks. So firm a grasp of the tree trunk does the antelope get with these hooks, together with its legs, that it can be moved to a horizontal position without falling. When it rolls itself into a ball the sharp-pointed scales project at

right angles and form an impossible defense much the same as that of the porcupine.

The Frilled Lizard is the pygmy descendant of gigantic ancestors who would be as likely as any to come walking out of a cavern in their ancient size and shake the ground with their ponderous tread. The present forms are only about two feet long and have a curious decoration in the form of a sort of "Queen Elizabeth" collar which can be spread out or laid flat at will.

This ruff or frill, ordinarily lies in neat folds against the neck, but at sight of man or any other possible enemy, the lizard opens its mouth and spreads out the frill with the suddenness of opening an umbrella. The effect is so startling that dogs accustomed to hunting and killing lizards usually flee at the spectacle.

Equally remarkable is the fact that this lizard is both biped and quadruped. Under ordinary circumstances, it tramps about on all fours as one would expect. But when frightened it rears up on its long hind legs and strides off, like a man, with ruff up and mouth open, as if trying to look like an

In the ocean Spider Crab, with an arm-spread of 12 feet and weighing 30 pounds, are caught. There is no known reason why crustaceans might not grow to vast sizes, and it may be that they do in the great depths of the ocean. A change in food conditions or the temperature of the oceans caused by melting of the ice caps might send them into shallow waters or even crawling onto the land in search of prey. Nearly all forms are so built that they can breathe air for long periods.

Crabs, like insects, have an uncanny intelligence that tells them when it is safe to attack human beings. Usually land crabs take great pains to keep out of man's sight, but soldiers in the tropics know that if they are left badly wounded on the battlefield, the land crabs will come and eat them alive.

The termites or white ants, while robbing a house at night, are most careful not to disturb the sleeping inmates. Yet the hospitals of India frequently receive patients with faces eaten away by white ants which somehow knew that they were crippled by paralysis or other disease and could be safely attacked.

angry Sir Walter Raleigh.

The crustacean, like the insect, develops the superior outside skeleton idea. The most popular representatives of this tribe are the lobster and crab, which are none too big to suit most people. While both of these live in water, there are bigger land ones. The Gambia Land Crab has telescopic eyes that rise up on long stalks at the approach of its prey. It stands motionless until a mouse or other small animal comes within reach of its swift and accurate claws.

The Coconut Crab is so big that a good-sized specimen can just be squeezed into a four-gallon jar. This powerful crustacean climbs coconut palms, picks the fruit, tears off the husk with its great claws, punches a hole at one of the eyes, drinks the milk, and then escapes out the most with a thin pair of legs with which Nature has provided it.

Dr. A. F. Futterer, Holy Land Explorer, Returns to America After Two Years' Search for the Most Sacred Treasure of Israel, and Tells Why He Thinks He Has Located It and Why He Will Not Be Stricken Dead When He Unearths It

Dr. Futtterer's Reconstruction of the Ark of the Covenant From His Scriptural Investigations. On The Side He Shows the Contents He Believes to Be in It—Aaron's Rod, the Scroll of the Mosaic Law, the Tablets Engraved by the Finger of Jehovah; and Moses' Vase of Manna.

an one need be nervous about his finding it, since the same prophecy upon which he relies to protect him will protect every one else.

But many will no doubt continue to ask themselves what may happen if the explorer is mistaken about the present being the time referred to in the Book of Maccabees. If he is wrong, and the time is not yet, what may be the



The valley of the Ark is between the peaks of Beth-Pear and Pizgah, also called Mt. Nebo—the latter being the mountain from which Moses viewed the Promised Land and where he is buried. The Ark when

found will prove to contain, so Dr. Futterer believes, the two tablets of the law written by the finger of God, the fragments of which the tablets which Moses broke when Israel worshipped the Golden Calf at Sinai, Aaron's Rod - that Budded, Moses' Pot of Manna, and the Scroll of the Law were preserved.

The Lord went into the most careful detail with Moses about the building of the Ark, the Tabernacle and the Altar

"There is a very definite history of the Ark of the Holy Covenant," says Father John A. McGarry, C.S.C., through the 978 years of its known existence. It was built by a Jew named Bezalel after the Israelites had escaped from Egypt and were on their way to the Promised Land. It was made of "chittim wood," which was a type of one-half foot wide and two and one-half feet wide and about four and one-half feet long. It was covered inside and out with gold leaf and studded with gold of wonderful workmanship. On its top was placed a golden lid surmounted by two Cherubim representing the wings of the throne of God. The records, were "unlike anything seen on earth." Therefore the Cherubim was a symbol of God's presence and the Lord where he dwelt, and was an emblem

[illegible]

show them these things." Dr. Futer continued, "when God is gathering the people back to the land of Israel and restoring them to Palestine. The vanguard, the tribe of Judah, will lead the people back, as they have done so many times over since Palestine was wrested from the Jews in 70 A.D. The tribe of Judah will lead the people back. The long looked-for restoration is, I believe, under way and with it the return of the Ark as foretold by Jeremiah, with the passing of which the return of the Ark depends. With the return of Israel as a nation, the restoration of the Ark to its position, must reappear.

According to the words of Jeremiah, the Ark will be hidden upon the slopes of Mt. Nebo.

There is a place where Moses stood on Pizzazz's heights with Beth-Peor right before me, a few hundred yards away. It is a place where Moses stood for a hundred yards long where Moses was looking down at the valley of the Jordan. The place is described in the Scriptures, lies the Ark. The location is unimpeachable. As seen from Pizzazz's heights, the valley of the Jordan is a square mile. The country around is quiet and still. The valley is as quiet as a lake. The valley is as quiet as Mt. Nebo, is frequented only by wandering herds of sheep and goats. In the Springtime are little patches of grain and occasionally small bands of sheep.

Throughout all this area—Mt. Nebo and the Pizzazz heights—there is no

ially referred to in the Bible. Besides the three vital mountain peaks, Nebel, the cave behind the Spring of Moses, I stood upon the high place of Baal where the Lord spoke to Moses.

"Naturally, however, in view of my quest for the hiding place of the Ark, I was much interested in caves upon the slopes of N'eha, some of which still are open. We found about a dozen, all told, a few deep and dark, others shallow and brightly lit; some with small and with entrances like manholes.

"One we found hieroglyphics among which were clearly defined the head of a horse and the outline of a man, and I was struck by the fact that two doors I have mentioned, tightly sealed. How I longed for equipment

ter through the cave. Personal travel alone, the work book, the water bottle, that is still left in the cave, except the Bible, were all I had. I was proven so helpless that I was forced to call on every one of the Bible until I saw theophany, the appearance of the Lord.

"I do not know from what source I have obtained these children of

During his two years of exploration Dr. Futterer had the friendship and close co-operation of a wealthy Arabian land owner who interested himself in the preliminary search for the Ark. He or his brother accompanied the explorer on his major trips and through their knowledge of Bedouin ways protected him from possible clashes with the Arabs. These links with dead as well as living Arabs were of great value as are upon strangers who come driving around the places hallowed in legend and history. Dr. Futterer says:

"For my forthcoming expedition, I have been advised by the British government that I must be accompanied by an escort of at least six British soldiers on full pay (at my expense), not only for protection, but as overseers of my work. We expect to visit over cave on and near Nebo, if necessary, and make excavations in the valley between Pizgah and Beth-Peor. It may take weeks, months, possibly years, can't tell. But I feel confident that when I return, I will have found the Ark of the Covenant."

the
"Moreover, I have
reason to believe
that not alone the
Ark, but a treasure
treasure will be un-
earthed in the shal-
low of Nelo,
taken from So-
mon's Temple.
Jeremiah, when
I took the Ark I felt
sure that Jeremiah
knowing that the
Babylonians were
coming to take Je-
rusalem and destroy
the temple, to the
great care that not
one of sacred won-
der was left behind
to be confiscated
destroyed by the

the Covenant
Medical Scenes,

whole. Personally, I feel confident I have found the Ark to his hiding place. Now, the word in the Book of Maccabees is clear. And any objection to the Bible's authority is based on the fact that it still is found in every old family Bible and in every European Bible except the King James version. It is quoted by Josephus, its acknowledgment by the Talmud, and its authenticity proven so by landmarks and ruins that seen all over Palestine confirming the Maccabean history. It is referred to in the Bible at least 100 times. It is in Josephus, the historian, repeated in it "a most excellent and authentic history." "I do not fear any harm will befall me from heaven if, in reverence, I recount to you the true history of the children of Israel."

Football Star Shot Dead by His College Chum

Freeman, 230-Pound Freshman Tackle of Birmingham-Southern College, Attempts to Haze Frail and Frightened Westbrook, Senior at Howard College, and Is Stopped by a Pistol Bullet

WHEN Olen H. Westbrook, a Howard College junior, saw Montress Freeman, the husky 230-pound freshman football tackle advancing to clip his hair, Westbrook shot the boy through the heart.

As the big freshman fell dying, the frail upper classman was overwhelmed with remorse. He had killed a friend he had known and liked since childhood and yet, an instant before, it had seemed the only thing to do—that he must save his hair and his honor at all costs.

The two rival colleges of Birmingham-Southern and Howard, both located in Birmingham, Alabama, are in mourning over the tragedy, but to a man, the students understand just how Westbrook felt when he pulled the trigger, and under the circumstances none of them blames him. However, Freeman's death has put an end to the most incredible feud of twenty years standing between the two institutions. When one hears of the steps that led up to the pathetic and almost fantastic killing, the result seems as inevitable as the march of a well-constructed stage tragedy.

Freeman, the strong boy, and Westbrook, the rather delicate little fellow, grew up together in the small town of Gadsden, Alabama. They swam in the same ponds and rivers and were in on most everything together except that Freeman went to the Methodist Sunday school and church while Westbrook attended the Baptist. To the children, the only important difference between any of the churches was at Christmas time when the presents handed out by the various ones were thoughtfully compared and appraised. Yet that slight difference in the faiths of the parents of the two youngsters set forces in motion that were to result in death.

As the boys grew up, Westbrook got away to college ahead of the strong boy whose father's financial situation was such that further education for Montress Freeman seemed improbable. Right handy, in Birmingham, the youths knew the two colleges, each with an enrollment of slightly over 1,000 students. Howard under the Methodist, appeared as a choice as could be. Westbrook's parents naturally sent him to the Baptist college, which he and Freeman considered of negligible importance.

Last Summer, three years later, Monty found that he had a friend. His friend Westbrook rejoiced with him at the good news but his face told him that being a Methodist, his father had entered him at the other college. However, knowing that the choice was probably irrevocable, the Howard student, now a junior, continued to discourage his old schoolmate.

This Fall Monty arrived with very little money and a small wardrobe in which there was just one really good suit. But he had arranged for a job tending some of the college furnaces by which he could earn his way through college.

"Gee! That bird looks like a line-nut," said the sophomore and instead of hating him they fell Freeman's man down to the football team and introduced him to the coach. That hard-boiled dignitary found him a suit and told him to try for the freshman team. He won the position of tackle with impressive ease and everyone said he would be a power on the varsity next year.

The thing that was now dinned into Freeman's ears was that they must beat Howard, the rival college, not

merely beat it but tear it to ribbons, annihilate it. He was astonished at the venom shown against a seat of learning right in the same town and said that he supposed that one southerner was just about as good as the other. They informed him that nothing could be further from the truth. He was a most fortunate young man to have landed where he did instead of Howard. There were other knowledge plants in the country as good as Southern, possibly one or two a shade better, but the worst possible fate would be to have to enter their rival, Howard. Far better not to go at all. This was a little hard to understand because the buildings, faculty and courses of study seemed about the same and Westbrook had not complained. What was the dreadful difference? It was in the students themselves, he was solemnly informed. The Howard boys were fiends in human form. To prove their depravity, Freeman and the other freshmen were regaled with instances of villainy. Howard men had smoked over at night and caused thousands of dollars damage by setting fire to the buildings with paint. They had thrown rocks through windshields of Southern boys' cars and even wrecked some entirely.

Howard culprits had invaded and broken up a Southern prayer meeting and committed no end of such outrages. But the crowning atrocity had been breaking into the Southern gymnasium while the Methodists were all at chapel and stealing therefrom Southern's hallowed mascot, a stuffed panther.

Freeman's heart swelled with indignation. Hadn't Southern done anything to defend themselves? Oh, yes,

they had not entirely turned the other cheek. In fact they had smashed fully as many automobiles, done more damage with vandals and according to carefully kept statistics, sent more to the hospital. All this, he must understand, was merely the turning of a stepped-on worm, the justified wrath of the righteous, chastising the wicked. The most annoying feature of all was the fact that somehow the evil Howard freshman football teams managed invariably to beat their own freshmen.

This year they looked to their new and promising tackle to help correct this. When the day of the game came Freeman did correct it. Every time his signal was given, the Gadsden team tore a wide hole for a Southern back to dive through. As the game went on, it became the only spot where they could gain. Howard soon knew that two out of every three plays would be directed at that same spot. Their center roved over to meet it and the secondary defense leaped at it, all battering at Freeman, and they were no gentle playmates. Monty decided that all he had heard about his adversaries must be true. Toward the end of the last period, seeing he was battered and bleeding, the coach started to take him in, but the tackle

Freeman was now a hero. His college mates wanted to do something to show their appreciation of a leader who had made them triumph over "the boots of evil." So they bought him a nice new suit of clothes to replace his only good one, which was now not so good because in a careless moment he had worn it once to stoke a furnace. Wearing his suit and full of pride and sense of duty to his college, Freeman stepped into the Highland Pharmacy and found his old friend Olen Westbrook behind the prescription counter, where he, too, was earning his way to a diploma. Freeman was full of sympathy for his former schoolmate who through his own bad luck had been forced to associate with Howard boys. He frankly told Olen that and offered to intercede with Olen's parents to have him transferred to Southern.

The young druggist instead of appreciating his charitable feelings turned purple in the face. "Is that so, fresh Freeman?" he answered. "I'd rather graduate from Atlanta Penitentiary."

Then, for the first time, young Mr. Freeman heard what Howard College thought of his sister seat of learning. It was exactly what Southern was say-



Freeman, the Powerful Young Football Tackle, Moved Forward to Seize His Slender and Frightened Friend, Westbrook, and As the Latter Retreated Backward to the Prescription Desk He Seized a Revolver Lying There—and the Next Moment the Football Star Lay Dying at His Feet.



Photograph of One of the Customary Hair Clippings of Rival Collegians Just Before the Big Howard-Southern Game. This Picture Shows a Birmingham-Southern Student Shaving the Head of a Howard College Freshman Just Before the Game This Fall.



Olen H. Westbrook, Junior in Howard College, Who Shot His Fellow Freshman, Montress Freeman, Freshman Football Star of Birmingham-Southern College.



Montress Freeman, the Dead Football Tackle, From Snapshot on the Football Field.

knew he would recover in due time, he would be ashamed to "sneak" on his opponents and the faculty did not take the matter as seriously as spoiling the looks of a reputation hall. Yet, when the boy was shown it was a disgrace almost like being scalped.

Freeman brooding over Westbrook's insult suddenly realized that this was the answer. It was his duty because Olen came from his own town. He sent word of his purpose to the young druggist, who suffered mental torture. It would be bad enough if done by an upper classman but to be clipped by a freshman and from his own town, he doubted if he could survive. For two nights he did not sleep and then the dreadful moment came. Freeman, his broad shoulders clad in the presented suit, marched ominously into the store. In his hand glittered a pair of clippers.

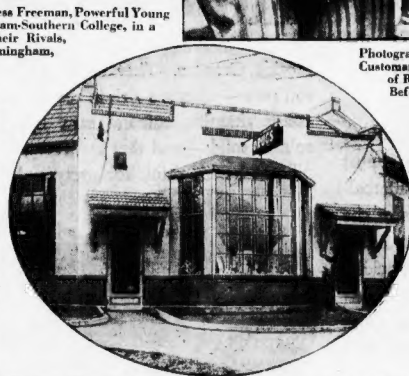
"Come outside," he ordered. Westbrook seemed to see only the chest and went to wait till after closing hours when they could catch him on the street sometimes.

"Come outside," repeated Freeman, starting around the counter. Still pleading, the delicate junior backed away from the powerful freshman. In despair the victim's eye fell on a loaded revolver in the cash drawer. That might frighten him. He snatched it up and pointed it at the broad chest and warned Freeman to stop. But the chest kept on advancing. Westbrook seemed to see only the chest and thought only of the shame of being hair-clipped as he backed into the pharmaceutical department from which there was no escape.

In another moment this irrepressible former friend, but now hated enemy, would have him and he would be a shorn and disgraced man. Now that the deed had been done, he saw hands fly to the middle of that chest and realized what had happened as Freeman staggered back into the main room and fell.

Instantly Westbrook wished he had been clipped a thousand times, his hair torn out by the roots, if necessary. He had saved his hair and his honor, but his old playmate was dying at his feet. The weakling had killed the strong boy. Westbrook was aroused and for manslaughter but released on \$2,500 bail and the two colleges were stunned. Now that the deed had resulted in death the students did what they frantically did—fraternized, throwing all enmity to the winds and all found to their surprise, that the boys of the other college were neither better nor worse than their own.

The feud arose from the mistake of locating two colleges so close together, a thing that always tends to carry the spirit of healthy rivalry to unhealthy extremes. But it is now buried with the boys of the 21-year-old town. They did not live to make the rivalry, yet did not die in vain.



Highland Pharmacy, Birmingham, Alabama, Where the Fatal Shooting Took Place. Westbrook Was the Night Manager of the Store.



There's a much bigger juice content in Florida Oranges! Buy only oranges that give you this extra juice—ask for "Florida Oranges" whenever you buy.

*Extra
Juice*

makes FLORIDA ORANGES the best buy...!

THERE is an extra big juice content in Florida Oranges! It's the juice that counts in oranges—and that *extra* juice is an important added quantity that you should get every time you buy.

Florida Oranges are tree-ripened... warmed to mellow sweetness by golden Florida sunshine. Every one is juice-heavy, firm-bodied, lusciously good.

*Now, more urgently than ever,
doctors advise orange juice...*

Drink orange juice every day. All doctors urgently advise this health protection. For adults, for children,

for infants... orange juice is a "health-carrier".

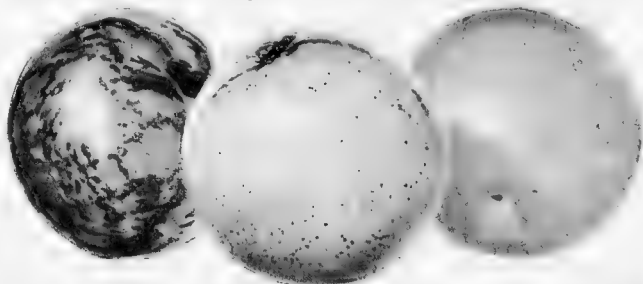
For orange juice brings vitamins and mineral salts that the body must have to be healthy. They counterbalance the acid-forming foods of the diet... the meats, starches, heavy cereals, sweets. They combat acidity and build up the alkaline reserve that strengthens the body's resistance to germs of common colds, grippé, "flu".

Serve orange juice to your family two or three times every day. Buy oranges by the dozen or by the box—and every time you do, remember that extra juice! Always ask for

Florida Oranges. They are in season now—they are rich in the necessary vitamins, mineral salts and soluble solids—and they are a magnificent health drink for everyone!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS SPONSORED BY THE FLORIDA CITRUS GROWERS' CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION, AN ORGANIZATION OF GROWERS AND SHIPPERS OF FLORIDA ORANGES, FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT and FLORIDA TANGERINES.

THE FLORIDA CITRUS GROWERS' CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION, WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA



The old myth about "russets". The old fable that "russet" skin oranges are juicier and sweeter than the "bright" or "golden" skin ones is nothing but a fable. All Florida Oranges are equally delicious, equally juicy.

FLORIDA

Extra

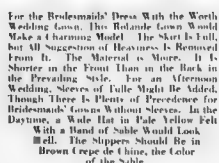


ORANGES

Juice!

Remember that the small Florida Oranges are just as juicy, just as sweet as the large ones—they're plentiful just now and very reasonably priced!

**Authoritative and Newest Fashions From
the Studios of the
Most Distinguished
French Dress
Creators, Drawn
by Soulie, the
Foremost Fashion
Artist of Paris**



For a Winter Wedding This Lovely Vionnet Gown Would Be Perfect in a Heavy Tulle of White Satin. The Gown Is a Modified Train with Diagonal Lines Running to a Point on the Side. The Skirt Has Eleven Length Scaillings in Front, and the Back Is Extended in a Long graceful Train. The Veil Is Heavy Tulle with a Lace Trim. It Was Actually Worn at the Wedding of Princess Anne-Marie Radziwill, and the Veil Was an Heirloom in the Radziwill family. The Veil Should Have a Lusher Pattern in Contrast to the Plain Shiny Surface of the Gown. Hold It in Place with the Buttons.



Another Suggestion Comes From Worth, the Maker of Wedding Gowns for More Than Half the Aristocracy in Europe. Wedding Ring Velvet Is Used for This Gown. The Bodice Is Slightly Fitted and the Skirt Is Shown, Sculptured at the Hem, and Cut in a Panel Train in the Back. At Each Side There Are Adapted Panniers of White Tulle. Quite Large, but in the Transparent Material Giving a Slim Silhouette. The Veil Is in Tulle, with a Border of Lace. It Falls from a Fretted Work Cap of Pearly White. A Sort of Coronet of Orange Birds Across the Nape.

A charming Gown for the Mother of the Bride, or for the
Matron of Honor. A This Richest Model in Strong Colored
Lace Trimmed With Marten Fur. The Gown is Slim With
a Double Skirt, a Circular Hemline, Edged With Fur Being
Placed Over the Narrow Underskirt. The Interesting Col-
or is Wider on One Side Than on the Other, Giving a
Sleak Effect, and the Line of the Hat Balances It, Being
Wider on the Opposite Side of the Brim. The Hat is in
Velvet of the Tone of the Trimming Fur, and the Slippers
Exactly Match It. They Might Have Been Made
Steel Buckles.

is interesting to note that bridesmaids are getting away from the conventional pastel colors, especially for Winter weddings. A recent one, at which the bride and her attendants were dressed by Vionnet, was done in a scheme of reds, lovely for the time of year. The bride wore a gown of red tulle with a white silk lining. The bridesmaids—eight in all—wore a red tulle gown with a white lining—that quality that almost stands alone—as did the satins of our grandmothers. The form of the gown was a modified princess line, with the novel touch of diagonal underlay. The skirt was of a red tulle, with a white underlay, uneven scallops corresponding to the diagonal seams, and those in the back ended in a long spreading train.

The veil, in this case, was of historic lace, worn by the Princess Marie-Madeleine in 1893, and it was a room for generations. A veil of white tulle, or white lace net

with a tracery of silver threads, might replace it. But if there is a design, it should be light, in contrast of the thick shiny surface of the satin. Over the ear, groups of orange buds hold the veil in place.

The bridemaids' dresses that were worn at the wedding were of the same material as the modified princess lines were worn in these frocks as well. They were of chiffon, the over dress a ruby, and the under one a rich rose that harmonized perfectly with it. On the hip there was a small pocket of the same material, and the skirt was gathered at the opposite shoulder in the back fell a long double scarf-like section in the two colors.

The bouquets carried by the maids were flat arrangements of flowers, carried on rods, carried on stems, and while in the other hand each maid held a pure lin arrangement.

de chine of the two shades. In France the duties of the bridesmaids include taking up a collection for the poor of the parish during the ceremony. They are escorted down the aisles and up again by the groomsmen, and the decorated little purses are passed to all the guests for their contributions.

Worth has been called the brides' dressmaker, because he costumes the majority of the important weddings in Europe. The second bride's gown is from him. It is a wedding ring velvet, a remarkably appropriate material for the bodice is slightly A-line, and the skirt is straight, scalloped at the edge, and ends in a panel train in the back. At each side of this straight skirt is a panzer apron of white tulle, the transparent material interfering in no way with the bodice silhouette. The veil is also of tulle, and is bordered down the front with a wide edge of lace. The cap is of pearls in a trailing work, with a sort of coronet of orange beads running across the top.

the head. On one shoulder is a cascade of orange buds. With this gown Rolande suggests musk's dresses of tulle yellow, the bodice slim, fitted, and rather high, with a wide, flat collar. The deep hem of tulle of the same color to give them transparency. The skirts are noticeably longer in front than in the back.

At the ceremony at which these gowns were worn the hats were of yellow felt, wide brimmed and plain, and trimmed only with a band of sable fur. The slippers worn were of sable colored crepe de Chine, and the effect was lovely. These bride-maids carried no flowers, for they were to be the bridesmaids of the future, and their castles turn as they are with us, but each wore on one hand a bouquet of nasturtiums, in shades of orange and yellow.

After the bride and her attendants the person of next importance at a Chinese wedding is the bride's mother. The fourth gown sketched on this page gives a charming suggestion for her gown. It is all over lace, trimmed with fur. The easier color for the bride's mother archaic or gray or a shade of golden brown. This gown is in the style of a vest and robe, almost strapless.

The dog in the foreground is a blue, minimalist string collar. The collar is made of a single, continuous line that forms a series of loops and curves, resembling a stylized 'S' or a series of connected circles. The line is a solid blue color, and the background is a light, textured grey. The overall effect is minimalist and modern.

Lavinia's wedding gown gave her a dressed and popular look. The gown her loved-one wore was of white pattern velvet, with very long angel sleeves, embroidered with a wide band of gold and silver. The dress had all-over lace with large, flat, gold, flat-topped pins, some of which were pinned to the bodice.

Lavinia likes the pattern so well that she adapts it to a late 19th-century gown, as well as a gown for a young girl. Another of her wedding gowns was a gown of white in every tone, made with flounces in the skirt, like a gown of 1890, and worn with a veil that fell from a turtleneck collar. The gown was made of a material that had a paper fluff was of orange blossoms. She also showed a lovely silver gown which might have been worn by Dante's Beatrice. It was a gown of white, with a high collar, a high neckline and long tight sleeves.

Lavinia believes in adapting the picturesque style of the 19th century to the modern. She has a gown of white with a high neckline and long tight sleeves.

Startling Revelations of a

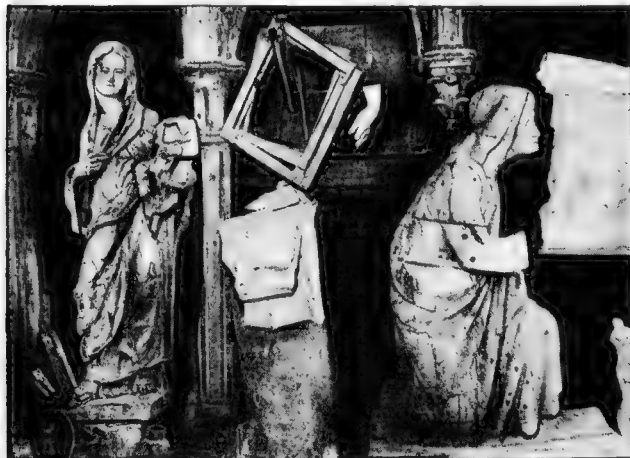
Wholesale Production of Exquisite Sculptures by a That Experts of the Metropolitan Museum of Art Deceived and Bought the Spurious "Art Treasures"



A Madonna and Child, Which Was Attributed to Donatello and Sold for a Large Price, But Was Actually Made by Dosenna, Who Imitates the Great Renaissance Sculptor Perfectly.



An "Ancient Greek" Statue of the Goddess Athena, Made by Dosenna, Rejected by the Metropolitan Museum in New York, Because Their Experts Suspected Were Aroused by Her Roman Nose, But Which Was Bought by the Cleveland Museum for \$300,000.



A Corner of Dosenna's Studio in Rome, Showing a Couple of Genuine Old Statues, Which Were Not Worth Much in Themselves, But Whose Wood Became More Precious Than Gold When Worked into Bogus Antiques.

MR. ALCEO DOSSENA was born 500 years too late. He is an Italian, living in the town of Cremona, Italy, and he can make statues of wood or marble that are just as good as the almost priceless works of the Old Masters, Verrocchio, Giovanni Pisano and the great Donatello. The great museums of the world and the wealthy private collectors are all hungry for sculptures, the works of these "Renaissance masters," as they are called, and will pay almost any price. But it is a curious fact that an imitation statue made by a living artist which the most discriminating art critics cannot detect from the best work of these old sculptors is worse than worthless—the moment it is discovered to be a modern product.

Mr. Dosenna has suddenly emerged from his obscure studio on a little side street in his home town into a figure of startling interest in the art world. When in a careless moment Dosenna chiseled a Roman nose on a Greek statue, he unwittingly provided a key which was seized upon by an art critic, who traced the statue back to the little studio of Dosenna and opened a Pandora's box of troubles.

The wise experts of the great Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York had just congratulated themselves on their rare good fortune in managing to secure an old masterpiece when the news of the discovery of the busy Mr. Dosenna reached them. This particular "masterpiece" was of the type dating to about 500 B. C.—2500 years old—and to make it look as the art experts would expect to see it, the figure was broken above the knees and reset, so that the breakage was obvious. Had the art critics exclaimed—nobody could fool them; they could see how the people who dug up this ancient statue had cleverly glued it together again, so that the experts would not know that it was not in quite perfect condition!

Both arms were missing, but that was as it should be. To have dug up a statue too complete would have aroused the suspicions of the experts. The masterpiece eagerly acquired for the art treasury of America's greatest art museum is now in the cellar of the great building on Fifth avenue. The officials of the museum are too ashamed to talk about it or give out a photograph of it or tell how much they paid for it—a subject too painful to be discussed in any way.

It is said that about \$2,000,000 worth of Mr. Dosenna's "antiques" are scattered about among the various museums and private collections in America. And these will be discussed later.

When the discovery of the Roman nose on his Greek statue led to the discovery of Dosenna and his studio it also led to the sculptor's own discovery of how good his work was and how his patrons were making a fortune out of them. Dosenna had been kept working night and day in his studio, and had been paid barely enough to live on. Aside from an income which gave him three meals a day and his lodgings, his employers generously took him out into the country on Sundays oftentimes, and bought him a good meal, with a fairly good quality of Italian wine.

And so Dosenna worked on. His employers were Italian art dealers, and he produced any kind of sculpture they ordered. Imitating with extraordinary skill the peculiar workmanship of the individual artist he is copying, Dosenna is an actor, sculptor, painter, architect, chemist and inventor. He knows how to follow with the art of a genius the work of any artist of ancient times, and he also knows how to scratch, scrape, batter, bruise, disfigure and produce convincing signs of age.

To speed him up and save him time, his employers hunted about for old, worm-eaten pieces of wood and bought up atrocious old wooden statues by inferior artists, so that the busy Dosenna would have on hand a stock of worm-eaten, cracked and weather-beaten material to work with. To a person with an honest mind, the difficulties which these ingenious rascals surmounted seem incredible. Making and passing counterfeit money would appear to be child's play in comparison, because counterfeiters do not offer their products to experts.

When a customer pulls a bill out of his wallet nobody asks him where it came from. Yet busy clerks as they snatch up bills from the counter frequently are able to detect bad money, and only very rarely does a counterfeit get past a bank teller. No sooner has one appeared in circulation than a warning and description are sent all over the country. And, of course, the men who manufacture the plates and do the printing are able to work in strictly guarded secrecy.

For seven years Dosenna's counterfeits have been turned out in a studio with an open door and friends wandering in to watch him work. His works, marvelous though they are, were only a beginning of the faking that had to be done.

Before his dishonest and stingy employers could hope to sell one of his counterfeits to a museum or even a private collector able to pay a big price, they had to invent a history for it. If the dealer explained that it was discovered among a lot of old rubbish in a long-forgotten vault of an ancient monastery, a purchaser with any sense at all would send someone to investigate.

No amount of bribes would induce the abbot and several hundred deeply religious monks to back the dealers in their fraud, but these rascals knew how to get them to do it free. When workmen making excavations in Italy really do come upon works of art, the authorities must be notified, a government expert assesses their value and the whole world hears about it. Nobody could hope to pass counterfeit money under such conditions, but Alceo Dosenna's resourceful patrons managed it for seven years, defying the tests of the experts and making all their yarns seem authentic.

There is a heavy tax on antiques taken out of the country, which has resulted in a thriving industry of bootlegging them. A wooden carving by Dosenna, but purporting to be of the Renaissance period, was actually planted in a monastery, and then, before the delighted monks got more than one good look at it, it was stolen. The investigator for the purchaser was told of the theft under promise to be discreet in his questioning and not reveal that he knew anything about the carving. As the monks were still angry as hornets over the loss of their "great treasure," it was no trouble to get them to talk, and they innocently played their part in backing up the fraud.

Some mysterious people started digging a mysterious hole in the general vicinity of Magna Graecia, along the "toe" of Italy, where once had been a group of ancient Greek cities. In due course of time a government representative looked into the hole and wanted to know what they were doing. The workmen did not know, and told him to ask the boss. But the boss had disappeared and never came back.

The government investigated a little and decided that nothing of value could have come out of the hole, but, as the thing looked queer, they stationed a guard over the excavation for a few weeks until it filled up with water. Immediately most interesting rumors arose of trucks that had come to that hole in the dead of night and taken away many loads of statues, bas-reliefs, etc.

The hole was dug and the legends invented and spread by Dosenna's patrons. On the strength of them they were able to palm off as genuine a whole group of his Greek statuary, of which the sculptures sold in America are believed to have been a part.

Some enterprising persons really and truly did locate the ruins of a very ancient Sicilian temple supposed to have been destroyed by earthquake. They succeeded in excavating it to some extent, and quite likely may have actually removed one or two antiques before the authorities descended on them. Whether they did or not,



The Exquisite Marble Tomb Which the Boston

Dosenna's employers whispered in their customers' ears that they were the excavators, and sold quite a line of his "antiques" as having been found there.

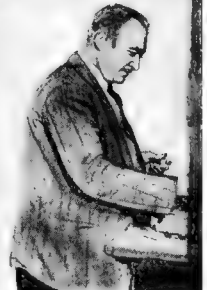
It should be remembered that the fine art of faking antiques is one of the oldest ways of making money. The great Michelangelo got his start as an antique "finder" and the ancient Romans and Greeks were busy doctoring and aging and then planting and digging up bogus statues, just as modern impostors do today.

Michelangelo, the great Renaissance sculptor and painter, went around for some time unappreciated and needy. With envious eyes he saw collectors of the day paying fabulous prices for mutilated and ugly pieces of antique junk, of no artistic value, just because they had been dug up in Greece or Italy. This was bad enough, but when the great genius who could not sell his own works that many of these atrocities were not antiques at all, but fakes from the crude hands of men he knew personally and despised, it was beyond endurance. The only art in them was the art of giving the appearance of age.

Michel picked up some of the secrets of fake aging, carved a sleeping cupid, duly doctored it to look like very old marble, and with a friend buried it in a vineyard just outside the walls of Rome.

After a few weeks Michelangelo arranged to have the cupid "discovered" and unearthed. A go-between was sent hastily to whisper the news to Cardinal San Giorgio, one of the great collectors of antiques just then. The Cardinal quickly snapped up the "treasure," paying 200 ducats for it. That would be about \$450 in American gold, but represented a purchasing power in those days of close to \$3,000.

After experts had come from far and near to congratulate the Cardinal and everyone had praised its really great artistic merits, someone



Dosenna at Work on a Marble Statue Which Has Been Another



An "Antique" Arch Which Was Set Up in an Attempt to Confirm Its Antiquity, Which Was Intentionally Unmasking of

Bogus "Antique Art" Factory

Modern Genius, Alceo Dossena, So Cleverly Faked the Boston Museum and Others Were Completely Deceived as Well as Many Private Collectors



Museum Bought for \$100,000 as the Work of Mino da Fiesole, an Italian Sculptor of the Fifteenth Century, But Which Was Actually Made by Alceo Dossena, a Sculptor in Rome, Who Is Still Very Much Alive. Dossena Was Careless in His Lettering, Using a Modern Script; Also in His Heraldic Emblems Above the Body, Making Them Both the Same, When One Should Have Been for the Husband and a Different One for the Wife.



What Was Probably the Bizarre Masterpiece.



Worked by Dossena, Which Went to the Boston Museum, But the Sale of the Real Master.

but he managed to make his chemicals penetrate deep into the marble, so that chipping with a chisel made it seem evident that the stone had been genuinely aged to such a depth as would be produced by centuries of soaking in the mild salts and acids of the earth.

This satisfied the archaeologists, and the geologists were impressed by places where holes had been eaten deep into the stone, apparently by the erosion of acid-bearing water as it trickled through the ground and over certain portions of the statues. They knew would take nature

a very long time. But Dossena knows some quicker method, possibly sand blasting or roasting, which does just as well; or perhaps it is expert use of hydrochloric acid.

As this acid is to be found in the digestive organs of almost all forms of animal life, the fakers often force turkeys and other large fowl to become unwilling collaborators in the forgeries. They induce the birds to swallow small faked cameos into their crops with other little bits of stone. If the birds will not take them of their free will, it is said that an operation is performed, emptying the crop. When the wound heals the birds are willing enough to gobble up anything in the way of a stone. A few days in a bird's crop has the same effect as a thousand years in the soil.

It is hoped that Dossena's methods may be revealed in the trial of his suits against the dealers who bought his works for what they were worth as imitations and resold them for about their value as the real thing.

When he used polychrome, as in the case of a Madonna and Child bought by the Cleveland Museum as an original Pisano, Dossena soaked the coloring off the old statues and picture frames and put it on with gold leaf, in some places three layers deep, and carefully toiled to give the exact appearance of antiquity.

When he made the Cleveland Madonna and Child he took a genuine seventeenth century Italian wood sculpture portraying the same subject. Then he cut out bits here and there, replacing them with other bits of old wood until he had worked it over into the style of Pisano. In effect, a synthetic mosaic. An X-Ray at Cleveland shows the tiny nails he used in making the substitutions.

Another thing that "got his work over" was his audacity. Other successful copiers were content to confine their efforts to small things. Dossena conceived many of his on a grand scale. Not only are they life size, but he had even projected the completion of an entire pediment of an ancient Greek temple like the Parthenon at Athens, with figures portraying the mythological battle of the gods and the giants. For his models he had photographs of the Temple at Aegina, preserved in the Glyptothek Museum.

Dossena claims that until seven years ago he and his son Alcide had made a wretched but honest living copying antiques and selling them for just what they were. He was lucky to get \$100 a piece of work that if genuine would be worth \$50,000 to \$100,000. It seems that this is a legitimate business. Many rich owners of villas like to put a garden with an "antique-effect" statuary, just as it is customary to finish a room with "period" furniture and hammered brass and pewter fittings which everyone knows have just come from a factory.

If the customer should hoax his visitors by pretending the statues were genuine, well, that would be none of Dossena's affair, and he took pride in having done such a good job that no expert could tell the difference. Seven years ago there was a slight change. Mr. Dossena got little if anything more for his skilled labors, but he no longer had to wait weeks or months to sell his products. A few art dealers in Rome and Bologna (the place where the original "bologna" came from) took everything as fast as he and his son could turn them out. In fact, they speeded the old man up to the limit of his capacity, which soon brought difficulties.

All his life Dossena had been collecting ancient nails and time-weathered pieces of wood. Even the splintered fragments of an old picture frame were useful, because he could remove the gilt and carefully draw out with loving hands the aged, hand-wrought nails. His friends, knowing how such gifts pleased him, would pick them up for Dossena from dumps and ash heaps.

These accumulations were soon used up, and his notions were obliged to find more for him. Now they did it will probably be revealed in their defense against his suits demanding a fair share in their profits. It must have cost time and money to provide a steady supply of such ancient materials, even in so old a country as Italy, to say nothing of the holes they dug, the stories they circulated, etc., to provide the right atmosphere.

No doubt the dealers will argue that they were entitled to repay themselves for all that and for their tireless though dishonest ingenuity in promoting the business.

Unique types of sculpture were thought up to whet the appetites of collectors. For instance, Simone Martini was a painter in Siena, Italy, who died in 1344. In one of the pamphlets of his time there is a slight reference to some carvings he tried to hand on, but they had presumably perished long ago from the face of the earth.

However, the avindlers pounced on this historic record as better than any new legend they could invent themselves, and ordered Dossena to produce these carvings. Dossena did, executed most convincingly, in a manner patterned after Martin's canvases. Such a choice rarity was, of course, worth a fortune, and brought it—but not to Dossena. As the dealers furnished the raw materials, the bright ideas, invented the story, dug the hole to prove it by and generally bamboozled the greatest authorities in the world, they probably feel that such a high order of slightly crooked brains entitled them to the lion's share of the plunder.

And, besides, they will point out sadly that in spite of all the patient cleverness of the faking genius, it was his slips, not theirs, that finally betrayed the whole scheme. Besides putting a Roman nose on the Greek goddess Athena, he had made a grave social error when he forged that splendid Mino da Fiesole tomb for which the Boston Museum paid \$100,000. In that era tombs were decorated with the coats of arms of both husband and wife if either died, but Dossena only put on one. This slight breach of medieval etiquette finally betrayed the forgery, almost broke the museum's heart and hastened the undoing of the fake syndicate.

It was shrewdness as well as stinginess that kept the dealers from giving Dossena a fair share in the ill-gotten gains. If they had paid him even a good living he would have suspected something was queer, and, so he claims, would have refused to do business at any price. Even if they had been able to soothe his conscience with gold, the man would have insisted on enough to have raised his style of living. He would surely have bought an automobile or something that would have made his neighbors both jealous and suspicious, and the secret would have gotten out. His fury on learning the fortunes that had been paid for his products was too awful to be doubted. He almost had apoplexy.

Dossena's first two suits against two of his "patrons" are for only \$50,000 lire (about \$55,000). The first result of his demand for a bigger split of the loot was that the dealers had him arrested, charged with being an anti-Fascist plotter, which is the worst crime anyone can commit in Italy. However, he quickly proved his innocence, and is now represented by Deputy Farnacci, former Secretary General of the Fascist party.

Here for the first time is the complete story of the amazing deception, partly from details furnished by Captain Pietro Tozzi, an "art detective" and former member of the Italian Legation at Washington, and partly from other authoritative sources. Captain Tozzi was commissioned by the late John Marshall, archaeologist of the

Continued on Page 14



A Polychrome Wooden Statue of a Madonna and Child Which the Cleveland Museum Bought as the Work of Giovanni Pisano, Another Italian Sculptor of the Renaissance, But Which Was Actually Made by Mr. Dossena a Few Years Ago.



One of Dossena's Saints Which Sold as an Original Donatello.



Figures of Two Angels Which Were Originally Placed at Each End of the "Mino" Tomb, But Were Removed and Sold for \$100,000 Apiece to a Florentine Collector Before the Boston Museum Bought What Was Left of the Fake.

Lima Bean Salad.
To 1½ cups brown cooked lima beans add 1 teaspoon onion juice, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ finely chopped chili pepper and 1 teaspoon minced parsley if desired. Add 3 tablespoons salad oil blended with 1 tablespoon vinegar and mix lightly with a fork. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves.

Whole Wheat Cookies.
Mix 2 cups whole wheat flour, ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Melt ¼ cup butter or butter substitute in ½ cup hot water. Add ¼ teaspoon soda and beat the flour into this. Roll very thin, shape with a cutter and bake in a slow oven.



Perhaps, Miss Secretary, you've wondered why raises passed you by? Did you ever think to blame it on yourself—to figure how much it cost your Boss when you took a couple of days off to nurse a cold? He pays you for those days but what does he think?

Coughs and colds are unnecessary and expensive to you and your employer.

It is far easier to avoid a cough or cold than to cure it after it gets a hold. Use common sense. Get the Luden habit.

Overheated offices; drafty cars; walking wet streets in thin shoes; sitting by a window after a dance—these spell cold unless you take Luden's in time. Even before you feel the first warning tinkle in your throat; even before the first sneeze; even before your nose starts to feel stuffy—if you think there's danger of catching cold—take a Luden's—day safe.

Luden's are different. Luden's Menthol Action is like nothing else ever devised to fight coughs and colds.

Made according to a carefully guarded formula that combines clear menthol with certain other ingredients, Luden's give quick relief.

Put a Luden's in your mouth—as it starts to melt breathe deeply and instantly you feel a refreshing coolness down your throat—up through your head and nose—Luden's Menthol Action—soothing, pleasant, relieving the dryness, the inflammation, the irritation that says, "Cold coming on."

Keep a box of Luden's in your office desk—in your dresser at home—they'll help you to stay on the job this winter.

Luden's, Inc.

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL

COUGH DROPS

For Coughs and Colds

I HURT MY BACK LIFTING A HEAVY BOX. I CAN'T WORK NOW. CAN I STOP THE PAIN?

ONE OF MY CUSTOMERS IS A TRUCK DRIVER. ONE DAY HE SAID TO ME: "MR. DRUGGIST, SINCE I STARTED USING SLOAN'S LINIMENT I NEVER LOSE A DAY'S WORK. SLOAN'S LINIMENT STOPS PAIN QUICK. AND, 35¢ A BOTTLE."

LAME BACK? Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

Startling Revelations of a Bogus Antique "Art" Factory

(Continued from Double Page.)

Metropolitan Museum, to run down the factors after he himself had been deceived by one of their status.

Archaeologist John Marshall, at the Metropolitan Museum, had the reputation of never making a mistake in his judgment of an antique's authenticity. His motto was, "When in doubt, don't." But one day about a year ago Mr. Marshall took long, last ad look at a little smiling statue that he had bought—and had it in doubt to the cellar of the Metropolitan.

It was in the archaic Greek style, the figure of a maiden of the type known as a Kore. It was about three feet high; both arms were broken, and another took above the knees had been lost crudely. When Mr. Marshall had bought it he had thought its date about 600 B. C. Somehow now he was convinced that he had been all wrong, and he reflected that the little maiden had a perfect right to her broad grin, since she had slipped past America's greatest expert into America's greatest museum, where certainly she had not the least right to be.

So down in the cellar among the unspecialized art articles she went, and the museum drew a discreet and pained veil of silence about her.

But a little later Captain Tozzi was visiting Marshall and found him examining another Greek "antique," the statue of an Athena, or Goddess of Wisdom.

"It fills every requirement but one," Marshall told him, says "Captain Tozzi, but that one is plenty. It has a Roman nose. No Greek sculptor of that time ever put a Roman nose on his statue. They gave them straight Greek noses. I wish you could find the man who made that Athena, Captain. You'll find a collector of amazing ability. You'll also find the man who made that Greek maiden I got last night."

Captain Tozzi, startled on his hunt. Before he did it the Athena under suspicion had been snatched up by the Cleveland Museum at a ported price of \$100,000.

The dealer who sold it was a man of good reputation and closed as an expert. He has admitted his error, and it is reported, returned half the price paid for the Athena and given to Cleveland Museum for their work of art to balance the difference.

Tozzi said he told a representative of the Cleveland Museum that the Athena was bogus, but the refusal to believe. He said his conviction when regarding the statue convinced him that it was a work of art. In his own words, he trembled with emotion when he looked at it.

Tozzi picked out at the same time as a forgery a fourteenth century Madonna in polychrome wood, which had been bought as work of Giovanni Pisano, an Italian sculptor of the early fourteenth century. He said he thought it had been bought by some artist who had carved the Madonna at Athens. But the Cleveland Museum did not know that was possible, considering the fact that Pisano lived in 1300 A. D. However, Tozzi was right. Tozzi went to Boston, and at the Boston Museum he saw a tomb by Mino da Fiesole, of which the directors were exceedingly proud. It had been recently purchased for \$100,000.

"Fake," said Tozzi, briefly, after minute examination. "How can you say such a thing?" exclaimed the scandalized director.

"I recognize the two sources from which the modern sculptor made the tomb. The lower part was undoubtedly copied from a sarcophagus in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, carved by Desiderio Settignano, a fifteenth century sculptor. The upper part of the tomb, the figure of the woman, was copied from a church in Rome—the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva. That is a Mino, certainly—but this is not."

The lettering on the lower part of the tomb is not in the style of the period; it is much later, almost modern. There is an error above the figure. The custom of the time was to reproduce the arms of both husband and wife in the case of the death of either. The copy did not know this. And since Mino da Fiesole was a stickler for etiquette, this in itself would be enough to mark the tomb spurious.

Tozzi then went to Italy. It took him several months to find out the truth. When he returned he freely admitted the authorship of the polychrome Madonna by Pisano; also that he had made the Athena with the Roman nose; and—yes—the smiling maiden of the Metropolitan, the tomb of Mino da Fiesole—why, of course, he had never seen it. But he had never intended that they be sold as originals. Oh, no!

"...in more pipes every day"



A Cooler Smoke in a Drier Pipe!

FULL-BODIED flavor sealed by "Wellman's Method"—our own secret. And the one right cut for pipes, too—big, coarse flakes (Rough Cut) that burn slower.

Yet even with this head start over other brands, it's surprising how much cooler, cleaner, and sweeter a pipe becomes, with Granger inside.

So it's not the ten-cent price that appeals most to smokers—it's Granger's performance right in the pipe-bowl. And no wonder—for if ever a tobacco was just "made for pipes," it's this one!

Granger

ROUGH CUT

Lancaster & Wrentham Tobacco Co. Advertisement.

Traffic cop gets summons

Even he can't get away with it

"DON'T try to put anything over on Nature," is the way a cop would express it. "Sooner or later she'll get you. Give you a ticket and lay you up in a place where you'd rather not be."

"Even cops can't get away with it. Like everyone else, if they don't pay attention to the warnings they get a summons that lands them in the doctor's office."

"What the doctor advises is Nujol. Says Nujol will regulate you just like we regulate traffic. Keep things from getting in a jam. Help them move along easy and regular."

"The doctor is right. Just ask the healthiest men on the force. If they need Nujol—worth all the exercise they get—what about all the fellows that roll by in their cars?"

"Just take a tip from me. You may have the best intentions on the force. But everybody gets tied up at times. Nature can't always take care of things without help."

"That's where Nujol comes to your rescue. Just as it does, regularly, for thousands of other people."

"Our Medical Chief tells me that Nujol is a medicine. It contains absolutely nothing in the way of medicine or drugs. It's simply a pure natural substance (perfected by more than 50 years of research) by more drastic methods."

You'll find Nujol at all drugstores. Sold only in sealed packages. Get some on your way home today.

Nature's law O. K.

larily. Without any extra effort and strain on your part.

"It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."



THE TRUE STORY OF MY LIFE

By
EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

The photograph below was taken during one of my early musical comedy successes. The days of "Wang," "El Capitan," "Florodora," "Panjandrum," "Fifty Miles from Broadway," and "Jumping Jaspers" are far in the dim past, thirty-five years or so ago, when I was in my twenties.



Edna Wallace Hopper and Lura Wallace as they appeared in 1901 in "Panjandrum."

Every life has its vicissitudes when you go wandering a long period eventually the pendulum will swing back and you return. As my friends here were destined to reach a peak and then I temporarily abated because of my war work here and in France. This condition was due largely to my own neglect of beauty rules which experience had taught me to observe. The war brought struggle as this, with practically no time for vanity. But as faithful the power of beauty instilled by mother was at last with me. I had won European capitals, visited academies and salons for many years, glowing here and there a highly respected formula for cold cream, for vanishing cream, for powder, for clay and for other toiletries. Always the tried product of an able experimenter. My model sleeping life was found in France, when a lifetime spent in the interests of beauty is considered well directed. My constant aim was to find superior quality and price in what I used. I noticed beauty and its ingredients which in some countries tend to produce enlarged pores and a coarse appearance.

My determination to renew my youthful appearance and reach a different result came at a time when either a slight or fresh skin was held dear. I was so carefully selected for the knowledge gained in my life. It is then, now, of the inspiration that within me to carry on and again achieve the attractive beauty that means so much to any woman in private or public life. This sentiment of my friends started. They were all content that I have been able to find beauty in my life. I have been able to find beauty in my life. I have been able to find beauty in my life.

At the beginning of my new career friends were fascinated by my suggestion. They said they had never seen the like before. I had a lot of letters and so calls came from the public and the advertising companies. I appeared. They were all to know that I had won a lot of letters and so calls came from the public and the advertising companies. I appeared. They were all to know that I had won a lot of letters and so calls came from the public and the advertising companies. I appeared.

Beauty is a most precious possession, and you need a great deal of it. The best of it is not in the face, but in the mind. It is the light of the soul that makes the face shine. It is the light of the soul that makes the face shine. It is the light of the soul that makes the face shine. It is the light of the soul that makes the face shine.

All my friends are made in the same way. They are all made in the same way. They are all made in the same way. They are all made in the same way. They are all made in the same way. They are all made in the same way. They are all made in the same way. They are all made in the same way.

Edna Wallace Hopper, after her yearly vacation, deserted Paris and fashionable French watering places for her theatrical tour on the Keith-Albee-Orpheum Circuit.

Beauty Makes Paris and All the world go 'round

THE gayest city in the world, Paris is the mecca of pleasure and beauty seekers. But beneath this frothy atmosphere the steady hand of science guides the destiny of lovely women. Edna Wallace Hopper, for instance, re-established her famous beauty through the French formulas which are now used for her Youth Cream, White Youth Clay and Powder.

A cream as delicately, fragrantly protective as can be made. It is compounded with the sole purpose of making young charms endure and to erase the aging effects of neglect or improper care. This airy, pale-pink balm to the skin is so perfectly balanced that it has no weight to sag the tissues. A light, upward, soothing touch and the day's destructive wear and tear are removed.

Her Youth Powder is a worthy complement and is also made here to supply American women. It typifies the French fluffy powder—the last word in flattering subtlety. It blends so perfectly with the skin that no trace of powder is visible. The result of the eager, tireless search of a petite stage star whose years of discriminating experience in theatrical make-up made only the best acceptable.

Youth Powder comes in two types—the light, fluffy kind and a heavier type for the skin to which powder does not easily adhere. In White, Flesh and Brunette.

Don't Let Your Skin Darken! Neglect Will Do This—

THE delicate whiteness of baby skin gradually darkens until, in most cases, a faded sunburn pallor is one's permanent complexion. This is because dead skin is not removed. Grime, natural oil which the pores have excreted and dead skin are not washed away.

Daily cleansing does not remove these particles and they become imbedded beneath the surface. This extra burden steadily enlarges pores, making the skin ugly and coarse, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Your skin will respond marvelously to this simple treatment once a week.

First—Hold hot towels to face and neck for a minute or two. This opens the pores.

Second—Apply the White Youth Clay, generously covering the chin and nose. Completely mask the face, except the eyes.

Third—Relax (the down) during the few minutes it takes to dry.

Fourth—Remove the clay with cold water and smooth a bit of fragrant Youth Cream over your face.

This simple clay pack will work wonders. It is exhilarating. Restores a jaded, worn-looking skin to the rosy freshness and marble-like smoothness which ordinarily are the result of much care and rest. Best of all, it takes only a few minutes in your own home.

THE exacting feminine members of Paris' artistic inner beauty spend lavishly when shopping for beauty helps. Any cosmetic which brings them noticeable results is wholeheartedly acclaimed by these smart women who set the world's pace in the theatre in Paris and in beauty. With a few words of recommendation from Miss Hopper's Paris, is especially significant.

"My very close friend, Princess Catherine, and others of the American colony enthused over my White Youth Clay and Youth Cream beauty treatment. Six years ago I furnished some of my intimate friends in Paris the formula for the clay and cream which they have had their chemical make ever since. They are amazed at the quick and lasting results. This is a delightful tribute to a country where beauty is considered well worn at any price. Yes, to the French, a woman's attractiveness is indeed a serious matter."

An Invitation

Send for this Art Panel Box containing Edna Wallace Hopper's own beauty aids: Her delicately scented Youth Cream in two types—Cold and Vanishing. A generous Trial Box of her fluffy French face powder. (This box contains a 3 weeks' supply.) Trial tube of Ban-Shine (No-Shine) astringent powder base to prevent nose shine. Trial tube of Quindent, the milk-of-magnesia tooth paste. Trial tube of Wave and Sheen curling fluid, the hair dressing which adds such a scintillating sheen to Miss Hopper's hair. Perfect for setting the permanent wave.

Mail This Special Offer Coupon

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

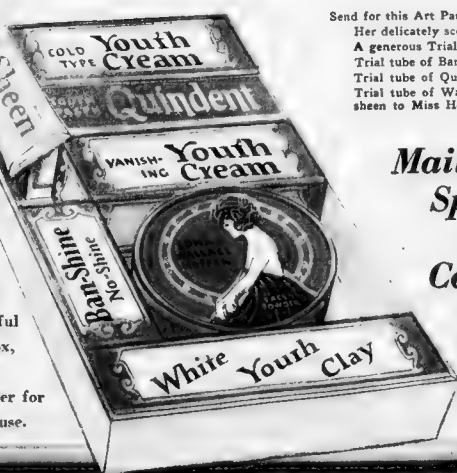
Enclosing 50 cents (stamps accepted) for Art Panel Box of seven beauty aids; Miss Hopper's own beauty book; also Free Certificate good for 50 cent tube of Quindent tooth paste. A.W.-1

Name

Street

P. O. State

Seven of Miss Hopper's Cosmetics are contained in this beautiful Art Panel Box, including enough powder for three weeks' use.



(Continued from Page 16)

He gave her another cordial. But a giddiness warned her "I must go," she said.

He put an arm around her. "Sylvia darling, let's not part like this. Tell me you understand why I want to be careful. You know I'll stand by you in any event."

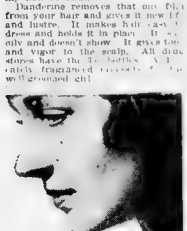
© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

OPEN good brand of canned chicken and let stand in a glass dish in ice box an hour or longer. Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced chicken with 1 cup shredded heart celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced pineapple and French dressing to moisten. Season with mayonnaise and arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce. Garnish with ripe olives.



The most beautiful girls in New York are doing their hair the new way. It's so lovely, but so simple. That's why it appeals to popular opinion. It's the hair that you can never tire of. One of the busiest of them is actress Mary Chandler. She has a lovely, simple, and new appearing in "Artists and Models" she says, "I am so busy, I don't have time to go to the hairdresser. If I hadn't learned the new way so many of my girl friends are doing theirs."

"I do now in a put a few locks of Danderine on my brush each time I use it. This wonderful product makes my hair shine and I know that many friends want to have it. I set my waves with Danderine, too, and it holds them ever so much longer. I use it every day, and with a few applications, and my scalp always feels fine. I shampoo just before I use it. Danderine keeps my hair so clean."



There are few cases of rash, eczema, itching or chafing which will not be relieved with a few applications of Resinol. Try it yourself. Rub on a little Resinol Ointment before retiring at night. Then wash off with Resinol Soap in the morning. You will be amazed at the QUICKNESS of the relief. The Soap also to keep the complexion constantly clear and soft. At all druggists.



Cleared Up—Often in 24 Hours
Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face or Body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. "Clear-Tone" has been tried and tested in over 300,000 cases. Used Like Toilet Water. Is simply magical in prompt results. *At All Druggists—with Proven Directions.*

FOR SKIN AND COMPLEXION

Favorite Laxative in 26 Countries

The fame of Brandreth's Pills has spread all over the world. Purely vegetable, mild in action, yet they at once cleanse the bowels, thoroughly clearing the blood, and rid the clear of impurities which make you sick and break down your health.

Brandreth's Pills are a wonderful remedy for constipation, indigestion, headache, and all the consequences of ill-habits.

the famous Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, they have become the regular medicine of millions, and are used in 26 countries. At all druggists - 25c

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

[illegible]

ing of
and Ga-
letter
rried
rise, the
a man
ed for
but
g exact-
at he
to say
an ab-
u are
the cer-
tain-
this
prove.
before
posed.
to be
in favor
ormation

[illegible]

"But I suggest-
tory I have
formerly
Carrol, w
city from
to have h
admiration
a trait w
there is n
it was M
sonated t
who was
the death
I think
hand. I
clearly.
Lacey, wh
lacy scatter
nounced t
nounced t

Nollins,
t I am
son di-
death
man. In
infantile
e, as I
nt, only
a wom-
ore co-
e Salem
the real
the news-
talks

I sounded his heart. It was beating steadily but faintly.

King, I snipped the telephone wires with my shears, decorated the desk with a time-table open at through west-bound trains to the coast, locked the door firmly from the outside, and rushed down the stairs to the street.

Hay was waiting in her car.

"Your arm," I said breathlessly, "let me see it."

Obsequiously she ripped open the pinned sleeve and revealed a semicircle of blue dots with ugly red centers. The impact of toothlike klutz's peculiar fang-like teeth where they had closed upon the white flesh of her arm.

"Day dear, start the car."

We're gone.

"Where, Nolly?"

Brought In
The Night Fox
Squirrels
Against
Laws' Jax and
the Detective
West Down
and Out

sells supplies to magicians and mediums, and to which I am well known, wrote me to ask if I had any information about a certain Dr. Carol, Generalissimo, who had ordered some luminous paint and a quantity of the luminescent material used in the manufacture of the luminous paint.

2. The mysterious caller who told Sara and Miss Carmichael have been Miss Carmichael. During the course of my expose at the trial, I learned that the two evening three persons temporarily absent themselves from the room, and that Miss Carmichael was present at the Pines.

3. Later, in the reception room of 1414 North, preceding our trip to the Blenheim country, I found a lady's handkerchief belonged to Miss Clem; but it was marked with "R.C." and I spoke to her. A local beauty parlor has identified them for me as expensive, imported cosmetic. This is substantiated by Miss Clem. Both, on the contrary, are carried in Miss Carmichael's handbag.

4. When we entered the Doctor's darkroom on Sunday the 14th, it still retained traces of the previous evening.

cent. It is unique. I could not have been mistaken," he believes. Miss Clem alone noticed the actor in the dark room.

"If my deductions are correct, Miss Carroll killed Dr. Klotz without premeditation. She was not armed. As I shall emphasize in my entertainment this evening, the object of her visit was the theft of the photographic plates. Miss Carroll, as I reconstructed the scene, was surprised after her entrance into the laboratory by the unexpected appearance of Dr. Klotz. During the ensuing struggle, Klotz seized

brutally handled Miss Carroll. In my opinion, and I shall endeavor to confirm my theory this evening, the master and the man are on her arms. Why do I suspect this? Because Miss Carroll is justly proud of her arms; because yesterday, for the first time to my knowledge, she was wearing them again today. If I am wrong in my deduction I confess Nelson, you will never read this letter."

"Ain't he good?" crowed Lance. "Watch me get to the bottom of this."

There was an intolerable pain in my eyes. As I went on to the last sheet, with handwriting that I feared seriously impaired, I noted the words *flies* and *flies* bars that escaped their 's' to impinge on succeeding letters. I felt unpoetical.

"The man confederate," if he existed, does not matter greatly. No doubt he can take care of himself. I am sure he is not dead. I, however, was not leading but led. He followed directions, commands, and suggestions from the woman who planned and or-

[illegible]

That's what Grandpa Elliott told me," she thinks, "but I guess he'd be surprised if he knew what was going to happen now."

"He would," I said grimly.

It was a long chance as I took it. Pivoting on my left heel I brought around my right leg with all the power I could muster behind it. The blow landed squarely on the angle of Lacey's jaw, and he went away with me crashing against a chair as he

Enclosed find 90c (stamps, mail)

Name _____

Street _____

Brassiere
has
"It"

The popular girl
knows her charm
... and shows it.

unattractive. Cup-top: brasserie is the secret, which gives the smart, rounded bustlines we see to-day. How subtly do these soft, silken, inner cups mould and caress the curves! How comfortably they support and lift a dose we ever developed bust! How gracefully they add charm and appeal to an under developed bust!

Doctors say, Cup-top is the secret for remodeling broken and round curves into healthy and round! I believe it!

See it at all corner departments. Ask for the "Liner-Silken Cups" A-low as \$1.00 will pay for it. Write the Model Brasserie.

The "Liner-Silken Cups"
Cup the Bust

giving your skin
faithful care?

...tine, soothe
...al medium for
...s with heal
...nds. If you do
...t, or at least
...a gentle mas-
...the face first
...pores. Then
... Cold Cream.
...wash the face
...is a healthy

It is quickly and entirely absorbed. Notice how much smoother your make-up is, how much more attractive in tubes and jars, 10c to 60c.

Makers of Ha-Kel (headache cologne), Perfect Cream, Cream, and Perfect Cold Cream Soap.

Introductory Offer 50¢

Why don't you send for one of these special **Clean-up Kits** For only 50c you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream, Vitamins and Perfect Vanishing Cream with

*...omising cream (not sample), ... special containers of the new
cleansing cream and Vaseline. Mail coupon today.*

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
ROOM 6, 214 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK

(Canadian readers send to 163 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

(By order) for which please send me your Perfect Clean-up Kit

.....
City.....
State.....

Into Thin Air By Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk

(Continued from Page 19)

tracks that we disregarded contemptuously. Yet I felt no fear. The old for counsel, perhaps; at when it is a question of plans over a battle field or hurrying at top speed through the black wall of a rain-soaked night, youth must be served. And Day was Youth. We reached a point of vibration at forty miles, and then, crossing to the other side, passed fifty and fifty-five and fifty-six and fifty-seven and fifty-eight. We were past, and I had the illusion that first it slowed, then stopped, then scuttled into reverse. Good co-factors, I thought, afraid of their necks; what did they think when they saw us leap by and disappear like smoke untraced ghosts?

"Forty miles to Janville, Nolly. Then down to the river road to Beloit and across the Illinois line into Rockford."

"We'll wake up some persons there and get married."

"No, we won't, Nolly dear. We can't get it. Two hundred miles. We're going to get out. The pair of them."

"I laugh. 'We'll get out for a part of only.'"

"There won't be any Nolly, not till we're up for it. And that won't be for a good two hundred miles—way beyond Chicago."

"Have it your own way," I said comfortingly. "You're the skipper."

"It's only common sense. That defective person—"

"Lacey's, probably telling his story now."

"Kiss and weep, but he'll remember his inmost timetable and wire the police at Minneapolis and points between. He won't know about the car till a good deal later. So we've got to get a mile to safety just as fast as we can."

I recalled the Grand Calico's letter. It showed into tiny scraps that flattered and sunk behind us white moths in the rain.

We rounded a curve without the slightest suspicion of a bad. The car circled as steadily as a ball whirled on a string. I had admired Rich's skill as a driver, but I think Day's topped his best.

"Before tomorrow morning, Nolly, everybody will be watching for two imbeciles in a sport coupe painted red."

"And after supper?"

The speed slackened a little. Day leaned over and brushed my cheek with her lips.

"Aren't you simply stupefied, Nolly? Don't you see we're fugitives from justice now, both

Death Had Been More Gracious to Day Than Life, for It Had Blotted From the Poor Flesh All Trace of the West Hall Tragedy.



of us. I don't know exactly what I am, but you're an assaulter of common sense, which is very, very serious. We've got to get away. Somehow. Anyhow. And we will."

"We can ditch the auto," "Or trade it or camouflage it. Or, we'll ringle through to New Orleans. How much cash have you, Nolly?"

"There was a bill ahead; the gray night lunged high above the swaying outlines of trees. We rained upward as if to soar of into space like a ski-jumper. The car leaved, hung over an instant, pointed nose downward toward the valley beyond, and dropped like a stone into the pit of a sink and ran."

"It's a little better than a hundred in my pockets, but I know a man in Louisville who'll cash a check and hang on to it for a week, if I say so."

She nodded approval. "Drive Highway! I've thirty-could and I can get a couple of hundred for my ring. We'll make it. And in New Orleans—"

"Lay low."

"Just for a little. There's a girl there. We were room-mates at the Moses Van Densens. Her father is out. Billboards for Central America."

"I smell the beginning of the long trail."

"Won't it be wonderful, Nolly? New-guns — Gad-mum! — who cares? We'll be on our own, with dead cities to the right of

us, treacherous natives to the left of us, and silly monkeys over there."

"Shades and poisoned arrows and big time adventure."

"You said it, Nolly. You know I've two thousand in the bank right now and in six weeks I'll be really rich. The money'll be mine and nobody can touch it. Down the world together, Nolly dear."

We dashed through the main street of Orgon, with its shade-trees and its prim houses, swept its length; halting the machine in a white, concrete ribbon that unrolled endlessly through quiet farmhands. Incredibly soon Evansville loomed ahead, and we took the bend of the road that skirts the main portion of the town without

either incident than the appearance of a belated constable, who waved his arms and was immediately swallowed in the night.

"By three, Nolly, we'll be in Indiana, where through the eye-glasses the candle light is gleaming. Oh, you don't know how many I've planned all this! I've studied the maps till I know every turn. By five we'll pick up the Dixie Highway. It drops straight south to Indianapolis."

"Then he for old Kentucky?"

"And down through River to liver Tennessee and off the main stem straight for Yavline."

She struck her hand proudly on the rim of the steering wheel. "This darling can go as well, almost, through grass as it can over plate glass. You don't really know this car, Nolly. I do. I love it and it loves me. We'll keep on south at sixty or better—south along the Dixie Trail to Birmingham. There's a bad stretch there, but it won't stop us. And then New Orleans, and life begins, Nolly; life begins."

Group hallucination the Grand Calico would have said it; but it seemed to me too that her was about to begin. Battered old soldier of fortune in the up-ending warfare called living, victim of so many fresh starts that began with broad highways and ended in bogs, I, Nolly, the disillusioned, felt myself kindling with her fire. Life was about to begin.

She gestured at a little farmhouse that leaped at us from the mark and vanished. It was a light in the window that had caught her eye.

"You saw that, Nolly? Think of the stupifying people inside leading their stupefying little lives."

I nodded.

"Dead, Nolly. They're dead and they've never lived; never will live. Penned up there on their little two-by-four patch, they're just waiting for the undertaker to come and bury them. They're."

She halted her speech, lips pressed close together, as a car, driven by some convivial soul, wobbled along the crest of the road ahead.

Without braking, she swept a long arc of the concrete and back again. "You're not afraid, Nolly? That fool that would have served him right if I'd sent him to kingdom come. But you needn't be afraid with me. Tonight I'm driving down the world."

Once again on the straightaway of concrete the car clove its tunnel through the black night. The drone of the rubber tires on the pavement rose to a hummed melody. The needle of the speedometer crawled past sixty and moved steadily toward seventy. The motor fought for its head. I hadn't known there was so much power in the world.

"It's life! I feel in me tonight, Nolly. With you here by me I think I could do anything. Anything."

The rain, like the gringe of a black waterfall, beat impetuously at the windshield. We met the gusts of the air halfway and made it a gale. Bushes and weeds by the roadside stormed angrily at our passing. The car lifted like a pouncing panther.

Once, on a sharp turn, the rear wheels lost traction and skidded toward the ditch, while my stomach lifted sickeningly. But Day laughed. No amateush braking for her, no sudden jerk of the steering wheel, but more speed, more acceleration, till the wheels bit again and straightened the car.

We charged ahead with the needle quivering past seventy control for a minute. It's our turn. There's nothing and nobody can stop us. . . . Nolly?"

"Have you ever dreamed of anything better than this?"

"Never."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Side by side."

"Danger behind and life and love ahead."

"On beyond the storm, Day dear."

"Always like that, Nolly. It will be always like that. Down only the break in its smooth flight, the sideways skid that became a churning spin; and I think I saw the cruel wall of the culvert. The shock threw me against Day. Her shoulder pressed mine and her face turned to me with a little smile. At least I like to think of it and recall it as a smile. . . ."

I opened my eyes on a sudden, dawning dawn. For a moment I wondered at the twisted bars that penna me, at the wet cage in the bed of the culvert, the shabrous cement guard of the culvert that loomed like a tombstone, wondered in spite of the status of pain in my ankle and side. Then I remembered.

Day lay beside me, her left hand still clinging to the warped steering wheel; her right arm, where Klotz had sunk his teeth, shredded in a tangle of iron.

Death had been more gracious to Day than life; for it had blotted from the poor flesh all trace of the West Hall tragedy.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Conclusion.

FROM my office window in West Hall I could see the bull-dog board outside, heaved on its two post legs, leaning back at me. Its dark surface, bare of all notice and bill, save for a hanging shred or two, was blank and hopeless as the face of an idiot. It seemed arrogantly to symbolize human existence.

With a shrug I leaped back to my desk and fiddled aimlessly with a pile of blue-pencilled topicals.

Only a week had passed since Day had gone down the world on her last adventure and carried with her, I felt, all that made my life worth living.

Thanks to Colonel Carroll's wealth and influence there had been no criminal scandal about her death; the public had accepted it as a midnight ride that ended in a catastrophe. What Lacey knew was no more than

the hearsay circumstantial evidence deduced by a retired colonel; and the Grand Calico himself, when questioned by the police, developed a surprisingly bad memory. They got nothing from him. And when, in the course of the same secret inquiry, Colonel Carroll's attorney put Lacey on the stand, the deductive made a much worse showing than the magician. He was telling the truth, but at the end of fifteen minutes he was tell

(Continued on Page 21)

During the Last FLU EPIDEMIC We worked day and night shipping JAPANESE OIL For COLDS, CONGESTION SORE THROATS

For a head cold, get a few drops from a bottle of Japanese Oil. It is a cup of hot water and inhale the vapors. You feel relief immediately.

JAPANESE OIL For a head cold, get a few drops from a bottle of Japanese Oil. It is a cup of hot water and inhale the vapors. You feel relief immediately.

NATIONAL WHOLESALE COMPANY 222 Washington St., New York Established 1884

All Skin Sufferers Try This Test

Are you bothered with the agony of a burning, itching skin? Do you have a rash, eczema, or other skin trouble? If so, you need D.D.D. Sun Lotion.

Thanks to Colonel Carroll's wealth and influence there had been no criminal scandal about her death; the public had accepted it as a midnight ride that ended in a catastrophe. What Lacey knew was no more than

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to The Pepsodent Co., Dept. 781, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____

Only one tube to a family.

Only one tube to a family.

Only one tube to a family.

Only one tube to a family.

Only one tube to a family.

Film Discolors Teeth and then destroys them

Here's the way lovely women have found to gain dazzling white teeth... a ten-day supply sent free.

If your teeth are dingy and dull they are coated with a film. Feel it with your tongue. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it. Film hardens into tartar—thus fosters decay. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many serious body ills may be indirectly traced to film.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light brushing takes it off. Thus the long and vigorous brushing necessary with old ways now is ended. Its use aids in fresh-

ing gums and restoring healthy coral color. It combats decay and pyorrhea at their source. Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods.

Give Pepsodent free ten-day test

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send coupon for a ten-day tube to try.

Pepsodent

Use Quality Dentifrice—Remove Film Fast Test

© 1929, by American Dental Co., Great Britain: British Dental



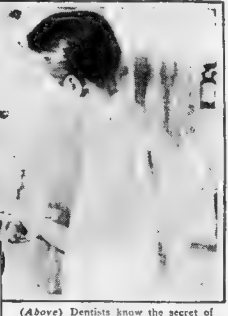
(Above) AUTOGRAPIHING PHOTOGRAPHIS is a daily task for Gertrude Vanderbilt, who is soon to star in a new Broadway production. Her charming smile, both on and off stage, is enhanced by daily use of Pepsodent.



(Above) MISS HELEN WHITELY and GEORGE HUNT at Wisconsin University find time for sports as well as study. See how bright smiles are kept at college by daily use of Pepsodent.



(Above) ACTION! Ellen Walters and Corda Lansing of New York are prominent for their amusing movies. They know that in using Pepsodent their smiles rival those you see on the screen.



(Above) Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Oysters for Every Day and Everybody

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE succulent oyster, now at its plumpest period, should be placed frequently at the head of the housewife's shopping and marketing list. As a delicious, economical, easy-to-digest food, it deserves serious consideration as the main dish of the cold weather menu, as well as a first-course appetizer to the guest dinner.

To the epicure, there is nothing quite like standing up to the oyster bar and ordering a dozen on the half-shell and eating them

"as is" to the accompaniment of citrus juice and a dash of cocktail sauce. But considered from the culinary point of view, few foods are capable of such cooking flexibility—with so little effort and time or expense as a cook. To begin with, there's that typical American dish—oyster stew—just as delectable taken at home as when served in the many oyster houses where it is a favored specialty. Watch the man behind the counter make it: Into a buttered smooth-bottomed skillet he puts a half dozen oysters, shakes over them salt and pepper and gives them a stir; next he adds milk, and a chunk of butter. Still stirring, he lets the milk become this side of good and hot, and then pours the savory stir-fry into a tureen's bowl. Nourishing, satisfying, flavorful, why is the oyster stew not more often made piece de resistance of the family table?

Akin to stew and differing from it only slightly, is a variety of oyster dishes where thickening of flour, eggs or cornstarch is added. By whatever name called, they are all slightly thicker in consistency, and often served on hot buttered toast, over pastry or in some connection with crumbs and crackers. In the book of hotel cooking these recipes are often called "poached oysters," and are easily concocted as follows:

Oysters Poquette: Place 1 dozen oysters and their liquor in pan and let poach until edges curl. Drain liquor and reduce with thick cream sauce, season with salt, pepper, celery salt and nutmeg. Heat two egg yolks with

cream, add piece of butter and a little lemon juice and beat into sauce. Heat sauce without boiling, pour over oysters and serve instantly. (Variation—To the sauce add sliced, fresh mushrooms, cooked dried celery, and some oyster crabs, if obtainable, all fried in butter.) Pour over oysters.

A third chief way of serving, always popular with men in the family, is the oyster fry or fritter. Here the perfect, well-drained and seasoned oyster is rolled in the cracker or breadcrumb and pan-fried in butter or vegetable shortening. Bacon curls, fried separately, may be used as garnish. Or the seasoned, drained oyster may be dipped in fritter batter and fried, deep-fat fashion. A more elaborate fritter is made by chopping the oysters and incorporating the minced pulp direct into the batter which it then deep-fat fried, as usual. Here is a special hotel recipe:

Oyster Fritters: Chop 1 dozen large oysters, season with salt and pepper. Add 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon fresh bread crumbs, 1 egg yolk, 2 slices minced fried bacon, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder. Take by tablespoon and drop into hot fat or oil. Fry golden brown, garnish with parsley and lemon slices.

Another separate cooking method is the baked oyster—one that Indians and early settlers followed in their primitive cuisine, but a method equally possible to the modern gas range. The oysters, in their shells, are scrubbed, and laid on a baking

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Poached Eggs with Cream Toast, Graham Parker House Rolls, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal with Cream, Eggs, Luncheon Vegetables.	Breakfast Whole Wheat Cereal with Cream, Eggs, Luncheon Corn Cakes, Custard.	Breakfast Oatmeal, Eggs, Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Canned Lentils.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Luncheon Hot Potato Salad, Emergency Sandwiches (Left-over Meat).	Breakfast Whole Wheat Cereal, Eggs, Luncheon Cold Beef Sandwich, Crisp Lettuce Salad, French Dressing.	Breakfast Fruit, Eggs with Bacon, Toast, Coffee. Luncheon Chicken Pie, Crisp Lettuce Salad, French Dressing.

dish. Have oven hot, lay in dish, and bake or roast 10 minutes. When oysters open, brook off the top shell and serve at once. A pleasing method of serving this dish is to lay the shells on a shallow bed of rock or ice-cream salt in an oblong baking or roaster pan. Bake shells on the salt, and serve in the same salt-fried pan, wrapped in a folded napkin. Or the shells may be opened, and the oysters left on them. Arrange on baking dish, and over the oysters sprinkle a seasoning of salt, pepper, chopped chives and finely minced bacon. Bake in hot oven until a rich brown. Serve with melted parsley butter. The familiar "scallop" or au gratin dish, is still another type of easy cooking to which this versatile food lends itself. If a baking dish is filled with a thin layer of mashed potato, baked rice, or a rich pastry crust, the beginnings of an unusual "oyster pie" are laid.

A simple but fancy home cocktail sauce is made by mixing the following ingredients: for 6 cocktail alluv

6 tablespoons tomato catsup.
2 tablespoons grated horseradish.
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce.
1 full tablespoon lemon juice.
6 drops Tabasco.
4 teaspoon salt.

For the housewife to whom flavor has a real meaning, only oysters opened as she demands will be satisfying. The fresh-opened liquor has not only the distinctive oyster flavor, but valuable "sauce." However, the pre-opened and packed oysters in fibre containers are useful for rapid buying and where usual oyster needs must be filled. The entire oyster industry has been stepped up in its standards, and constant efforts are made to keep the trade equal to the highest demands of sanitation and service to the home purchaser. Inspection, grading, handling are all in line with the best ideas in modern food merchandising.

Last, but again not least important, is this cooking rule: never cook oysters long, and never at too high temperature.

Deviled Drumsticks.
SCORCH drumsticks or uncooked veal kidneys and rub in pepper and salt, cover with a paste of very stiff made mustard, seasoned with a pinch of cayenne. Cook on very hot pan, turning frequently until brown.

"You can go 30 miles on less than a gallon of gasoline!"
BEWARE! Indefatigable cleaning fluids may disfigure you for life or kill you outright—then it's too late for advice.

For Safety's Sake—demand
CARBONA
CLEANING FLUID
Removes Grease Spots
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
Does it Quickly and Easily

20 BOTTLES AT ALL DRUG STORES

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when washing; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single scrap and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be

lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



Peggy's Mother Knew the Way

Every mother knows what it means when her child begins to get underweight, pale, listless, listless, feverish and fretful with bad breath, cough and no appetite. What every one of them doesn't know is that it's dangerous to use harsh methods to start the little stomach and bowels.

There's no use experimenting. Pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable California Fig Syrup quickly clears up the most stubborn cases of constipation, stimulates the appetite, gives one strength to weak stomach and bowels, makes pale, lifeless children, bright, rosy-checked, full of energy.

A New Jersey mother, Mrs. F. O'Gorman, 142 Summer Ave., Newark, says: "My little girl, Peggy, developed constipation. She became listless, pale and fretful; had no appetite and couldn't digest right. She lost weight. I had taken California Fig Syrup as a child, so I gave it to her. It regulated her quick. She began eating heartily and digesting everything. She gained four pounds in a month and is strong as a boy now."

Ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name so you'll get the genuine endorsed by physicians for over 30 years.

Stiff, Sore LAME MUSCLES Quickly Eased

Alcock's Plaster is a Wonderful Relief

If you've caught a cold that has settled all through you; if you ache all over from muscular or rheumatic pains just see what wonderful relief Alcock's Plaster will give you. You can cut it up in little strips and place wherever the pain is. Rub it away. You'll find morning coming and evening coming, assured to be low soon the soothing, penetrating medication draws out all the pain.

Alcock's is the original of all plaster plasters, for rheumatism, neuralgia, muscular aches and pains, chest colds, influenza, neuritis, sprains and lumbago. Obedient, it can be used on any part of the body. It can be used on one and on any other. The medication lasts for days—whereas any other relief for so long a time for only 25¢. Be sure to ask your druggist for

Alcock's POROUS PLASTERS

Advertisement.

GRAY HAIR IS EASILY DARKENED

Tells How She Did It With a Home-Made Remedy.

Mrs. F. H. Bouda, a well-known, resident of Buchanan County, Ia., who darkened her hair, made the following statement:

"Anyone can darken their gray or faded hair, and look twenty years younger with this simple remedy. They can mix it at home. To compound, one must have 1 ounce of castor oil, one ounce of honey, one ounce of glycerine. These ingredients are to be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. It does not cost the scalp in any way and does not rub off. It will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger."

BARBO

For Your Daily Toilet Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment

There is no simpler, daintier or more effective method of caring for the skin and hair than is afforded by the daily use of Cuticura Soap for cleansing and purifying and Cuticura Ointment for softening and healing irritated surfaces. Cuticura Ointment powder coats and perfumes.

Get the Cuticura Soap and Ointment at any drug store or by mail from Cuticura Ointment Co., P.O. Box 100, Portland, Me.

American Weekly Patterns

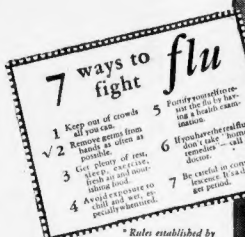


A STYLISH HOUSE DRESS. TIME PROOF FOR THE WOMAN OF MATURE FIGURE (6367). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. To make this style for a 46-inch size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. To face belt and plastron with contrasting material, will require 3/4 yard 27 inches wide.

A CHARMING AFTERNOON DRESS (6341). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38-inch size will require 1/2 yard of 32-inch lining for the underlay on revers, yokes and belt and underfacing on the dip of the front.

A PRETTY MODEL GOOD FOR MANY OCCASIONS (6371). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make this design for an 18-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A BEAUTIFUL SUIT FOR SMALL BOYS (6385). This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 7, 9 and 6 years. To make the suit a



7 ways to fight flu

- 1 Keep out of crowds
- 2 Remove nose from hands as often as possible
- 3 Get plenty of rest, sleep in all day
- 4 Avoid exposure to cold, damp air
- 5 Don't go to school or work if you have a cold
- 6 Wash your face with Lifebuoy soap
- 7 Be careful in conversation

Established by Life Extension Institute

Years without sickness in the Brand family

"And we owe much to Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather for our splendid health," says Mr. Fred A. Brand

"I certainly was a lucky day for my family when I started using Lifebuoy," says Mr. Fred Brand, father of three vigorous and radiantly healthy children.

"It's years now since we've had any sickness at all in our home, and we owe much to Lifebuoy for our splendid health."

"I have tried many different toilet soaps, but for a real, honest-to-goodness kick—for lots of cleansing lather that leaves me fresh and full of pep—give me Lifebuoy every time."

"My wife says it's marvelous for the skin, too. But her real reason for trusting the youngsters to Lifebuoy is because it guards health. We have three children—Joseph,

Frederick and Florence—and I'm sure that their busy little hands, touching books, playthings, etc., must come in contact with germs many times a day. We'd never feel safe if they didn't use an antiseptic toilet soap." Mr. Fred A. Brand, 17 Crescent Terrace, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Germ's all around—beware!

Mr. Brand's letter is typical of many we could quote to show you how Lifebuoy is helping thousands all over the country to guard family health.

In your home, too, health protection is necessary. Remember that your hands, your children's hands, are constantly touching things that others may have handled and left germ-laden—such as money, cartraps, telephones. It's safer for every member of your family always to use this gentle, antiseptic toilet soap—its purifying lather removes germs. Keeps skin clear and healthy, too, prevents chapping.

Your family has to wash with some toilet soap anyway, so why not use Lifebuoy which gives added health protection—at no extra cost? You'll quickly learn to love Lifebuoy's pleasant extra-scent, which tells you Lifebuoy purifies, and which vanishes as you rinse. Adopt the Lifebuoy habit today.

LEVIN BROS. CO., Cambridge, Mass.

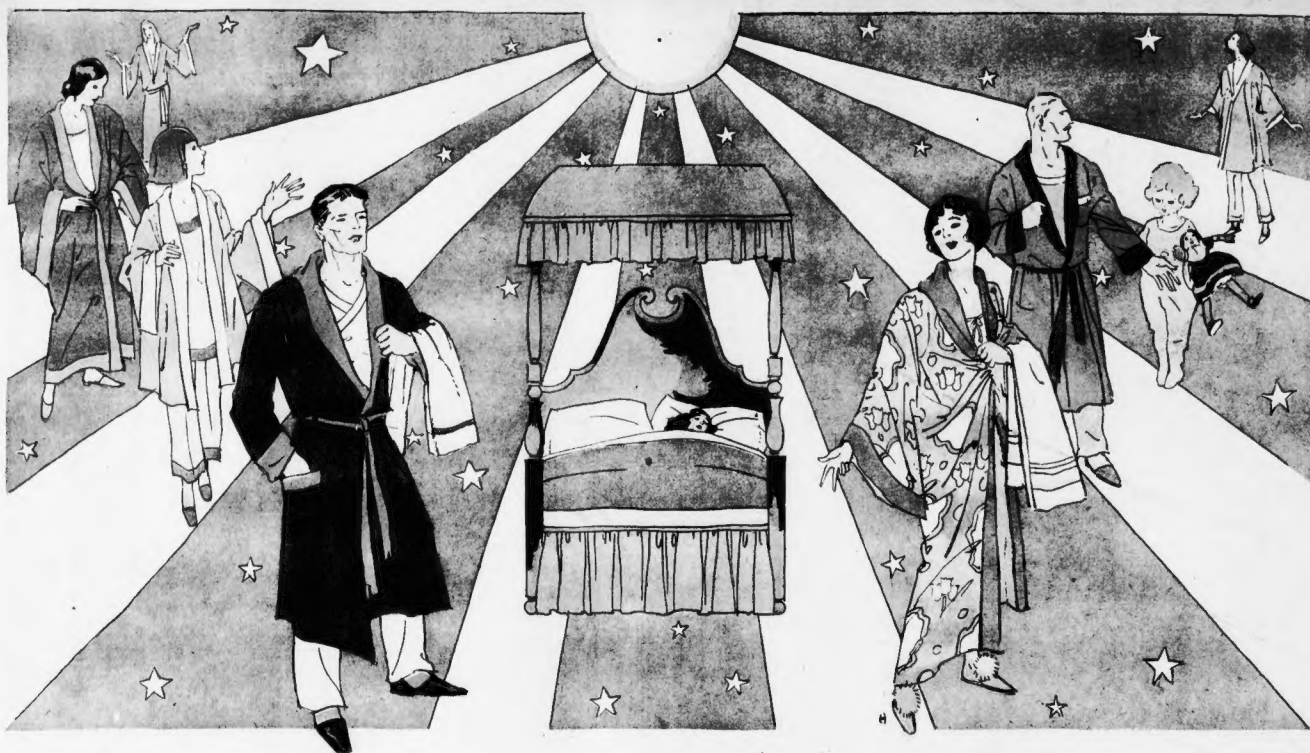


You've never seen two studies in beauty than Fred and Joseph Brand—and one big secret of their health is Lifebuoy!

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
Removes Germs - Protects Health

Send 10c in SILVER for our Up-to-Date Spring and Summer 1929 Book of Fashions in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Dress Rights Reserved.



A perfect "good night"

Late at night when there is a chill in the air, and a shiver trickles down your spine —

Don't go to bed and curl up into an uncomfortable ball between the cold sheets. No . . . Stretch out instead to your full length of comfort in a steaming tub . . . with Ivory close to your hand.

Like a grateful sponge you begin to absorb the water's comforting warmth. And by the time the last wintry chill has melted quite away, you are likely to find yourself stifling sleepy yawns . . .

Then's the time to thank your lucky stars that Ivory's afloat in your tub. For you never have to "work up" Ivory foam. It bubbles

alive to the touch of your cloth . . . it creams to your skin with cleansing enthusiasm . . . yet your first lazy splash clears it completely away!

And when you towel yourself dry there is no dryness or drawing of your sensitive body-skin. Why? Because Ivory is so delightfully bland that doctors advise it as baby-soap!

The perfect bath soap—Ivory lathers and rinses and floats in the pleasantest way. Its touch is a caress and it leaves you as soothed as a contented, drowsy baby. Really every good night's sleep is the better if you take an Ivory bath first.

• . . . kind to everything it touches • 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure • "It floats"

